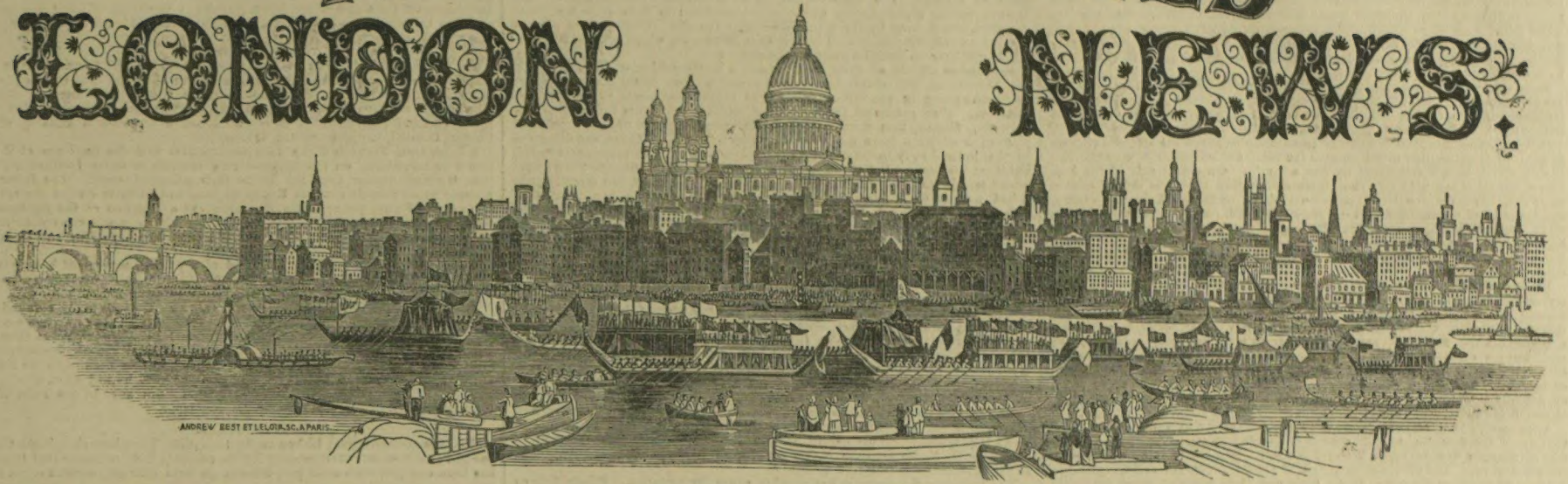


THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS



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FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1844.

[SIXPENCE.]

CHRISTMAS.



PUBLIC men, public measures, and public opinion, so far as all of them are merely political, are, at no period of the year so completely forgotten and overlooked as during the preparations for CHRISTMAS, and the festivities of the season itself. Nor is it to be regretted; the evil spirit too often evoked by the conflicts of men and parties should sometimes be exorcised and laid to rest; and at what season could this be more fitly done than at this, when the thoughts are recalled by sacred associations to things holy and solemn, and by social usage to those kindly and cheering observances that have given—and we hope long will retain—to CHRISTMAS the adjunct of "Merry." It was a beautiful belief—one we can scarcely bring ourselves to call a superstition—which disarmed, at this season, the malignant beings of the popular imagination of all power to harm mankind at the epoch of the birth of man's Redeemer.

Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes,
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The Bird of Dawning singeth all night long,
And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad.
The nights are wholesome: then no planets strike—
No fairy takes—no witch has power to charm
So hallowed and so gracious is the time.

But there are other spirits than these, and unhappily they are almost ever present, who are our worst tormentors; the most potent enemies of man are his own bad passions, his strifes, uncharitableness, and envyings that "suffer not to rest."

That there should be one period of the year, then, when these can be, even in part, forgotten or suspended, is a thing to rejoice over. One of the great sources of public bitterness being politics, it is pleasant to see all that belongs to them put for a short time in abeyance, and as far as we are able we will heartily assist in doing so, turning with pleasure to the many other associations which the recurrence of Christmas brings.

Some of them are too sacred to be dwelt on here; the feeling of reverence that should surround the cradle of the Divine Founder of our faith, cannot permit that they should be brought into conjunction with lighter and trivial things; they may be alluded to, inasmuch as they cannot but be remembered; but more than an allusion would be out of place. Remembering, then, the humble roof in the village of Bethlehem, which was once the shrine to which came the star-guided steps of the

Eastern Kings, with offerings of gold and incense, foreshadowing the homage the nations and monarchs of the world were yet to pay to the Christian faith, let us pass over all the mighty space of time between that hour and this, and noticing not the wondrous changes it has effected, let us come at once to our own day and time, to the period in which our own lot is appointed.

How did last Christmas leave us? How will this Christmas find us? In two things there is a certainty that will apply to all; we are older in time and richer in experience; in all else what variety of change; which, however, great as it is, does not diminish the heartiness of the welcome we all give to CHRISTMAS!

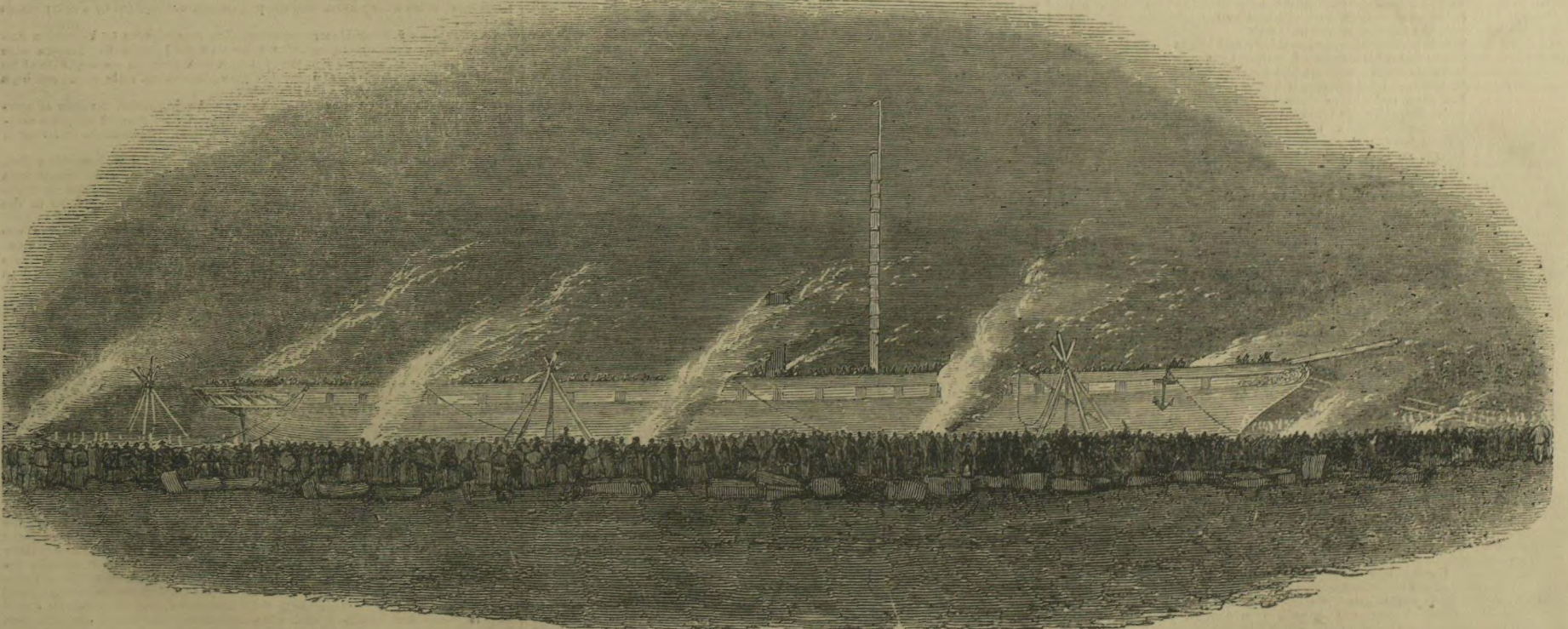
Why should it do so? It is a good, old, and hearty English festival, that has received much of its spirit from the character of the nation, and national peculiarities are the last things that ever alter. The Frenchman of to-day is the same as his ancestor was described by Cæsar, and the Englishman is now what he was in the days of Crecy and Agincourt. Steam and Railways, and the modern manufacturing system, have not changed his spirit; they have merely given his energies a new direction. Nay, is it not his energies that have produced them? Why then should CHRISTMAS be less welcomed than of yore? We have more than our forefathers means of celebrating it worthily; let not the only thing lacking, be the heartiness and goodwill with which our predecessors went about it. "Old England" did its part in this respect, and it is one of the best points as yet visible among the peculiarities of "Young England," that it is disposed to observe more freely the spirit of our Festivals. It wishes even to restore those which have died away—a thing we take to be impossible. But if it will turn its attention to the very few—we might almost say the solitary one—yet spared us, it may effect some good. Mayday is gone, nothing but a miserable mockery of it remaining; but there is body, life, and spirit in Old CHRISTMAS still; it is one of things we hope the world will "not willingly let die." So far from it we trust to see it flourishing yet in all its pristine vigour. Our hope is founded on many indications of better influences at work among us than society has as yet received credit for. CHRISTMAS was once famous above all things for its carols and songs; this was when we were a musical nation, ere mirth and music too perished under the sway of the fanaticism of the Commonwealth. Are we not becoming a musical people again? Do not teachers of the art count their pupils, and not unskilful ones, by thousands? Is not Exeter Hall vocal with the choruses of Handel, and does not Crosby Hall give a fainter, but still a kindred response; while both are, beyond a doubt, gradually, but surely, forming the taste of the many? The old social essentials of CHRISTMAS were good cheer, song, and charity; that we are not deficient in the first let our shops and markets testify; they look as if a horn of plenty had verily been poured out in each of them; the sight of them shakes

for the moment our belief in the possibility of hunger and want till it is too quickly restored by the sight of some famishing creature gazing on the abundance like Lazarus on the table of Dives. And the sight immediately recalls the necessity of that third great essential, Charity, with all the force of contrast. Now much is said of the hard, utilitarian, commercial character of the age, nor do we mean here to dispute that in many things "the world is too much with us." But at the same time we should not underrate the extent of what the age does for the poor and destitute, with all its utilitarianism. To say that England raises a greater amount of money every year for the poor, will not be perhaps admitted as a proof of the prevalence of charity as a national feeling; it will be said the fund is greater than that raised by any other nation, because more than in any other nation it is needed; and it is besides a compulsory one. But is not the amount given as alms by private benevolence vast also, to say nothing of our countless institutions which have the relief of suffering and destitution of various kinds for their object? Much of the misery we see, exists because those who could relieve it, are ignorant of it; but when brought to their knowledge, we do not see any culpable reluctance to give the relief required. Were not thousands of pounds raised last winter directly it was known that human beings were herding in the Parks by night without shelter or food? Is not every case of more than usual distress exposed at the police-office, followed by abundant contributions, even though some of them prove to be impositions? That the ignorance in the upper ranks of much that exists below them, is great, we admit, but that benevolence has diminished, we deny.

And CHRISTMAS is the season at which a still more active exercise of it is called for; it is one of the best acknowledgments of individual and national blessings. Our country is at peace:—

No war nor battle's sound
Is heard the world around;
The idle spear and shield are high uphung;

and no alloy of national hate diminishes that "goodwill towards men," which was the first blessing that heralded the coming of the Prince of Peace. The people are busy and labour is employed. An abundant harvest crowned the year with increase—and the people are fed. For all these blessings thanks at this season of joyfulness are due. But let us not forget the while, that in these blessings, all are not partakers. There is the workless hand, the cold hearth, the shivering frame, the hunger-wasted countenance. These we have with us always, the dark contrast to the bright side of the social picture. To say to these be ye warmed, and be ye filled, is not enough. We must act as well as feel; relieve as well as commiserate; and one of the best companions to the cheerful hearth and plenteous board which welcome CHRISTMAS in thousands of happy English Homes, is the thought that CHARITY has shed a reflex of their light in some dark retreat where that light was sorely needed.



"THE GREAT BRITAIN" STEAM-SHIP LEAVING CUMBERLAND BASIN, BRISTOL.

"THE GREAT BRITAIN," STEAM-SHIP.
At length this Leviathan of Steam Navigation has been released from her long imprisonment, in Cumberland basin, Bristol. The scene was, indeed, a spectacle.

[COUNTRY EDITION.]

clean every stage; and merits minute detail and illustration. The mighty vessel itself, our readers will remember, has already been described in Nos. 63, 64, and 65, of our journal; with several engravings.

The morning of Wednesday, the 11th, about seven o'clock, being the highest tide in December, was appointed for the passage of the Great Britain through the lock of Cumberland basin, the last barrier to her free egress to the sea. To

allow this, the bridge which crossed the lock, and a portion of its masonry, had been removed; and, all things being thus prepared, at the above early hour, notwithstanding the severity of the frost, and the cutting of a bleak easterly wind, tens of thousands had assembled to witness the great labour. They were, however, doomed to disappointment; for the tide not having risen as high as was expected, on the first moment of its being evident that there was not likely to be sufficient water, the great vessel was hauled back. No sooner had the water fallen than large gangs of masons were set to work, under the scientific and practised eye of Mr. Brunel, to open the space for her passage on the evening's tide; and everything was done to render the vessel's draught of water as light as possible.

As in the morning, so at night, Captain Hoskin was obliged to make a dash at the lock, at the very last moment of the tide's rising, which it did to thirty-three feet and no more. The following details of the mighty spectacle, and of the trial trip, on Thursday morning, are from the *Bristol Mirror*:—

"We cannot attempt to describe in appropriate language the splendid appearance of the Great Britain as she entered the lock, and passed as it were through the crowds of people assembled on the occasion. On either side of the lock blazed barrels of tar, with very short intervals between them, to the distance of more than 200 yards, the illumination from which, on the giant ship, the water, and the faces of the multitude, is not to be described. She passed through at a rapid pace, touching nothing but the rail of one of the bridges, which was hooked by the anchor and carried away like a thread. She was moored by the side of the wing wall outside the lock for the night, to be ready for her passage down in the morning.

At about seven o'clock in the morning, vessels began to arrive from the country, and by eight o'clock every possible place where there was standing room seemed as on the night before to be occupied by anxious gazers. At about ten minutes past eight, the Sampson steam-tug, of sixty horses power, in which was Captain Claxton, R.N., was seen to take her in tow, and very soon after the word was given to turn ahead. Slowly and majestically, she left the entrance amidst the cheers of thousands, which were re-echoed by those on board. It was extraordinary to see with what ease she appeared to gather way, and to steer, even before two other steamers were attached, one on either side to her quarters, although the flood tide, which was against her, had not done running.

After passing the Hotwell-house, the steamers alluded to added their powers to those of the Sampson, and the crowds of people who accompanied her by the side of the river were very soon brought to a run. She passed Round Point with the greatest ease, and all the other points of the river, and reached Kingroad, a distance of nearly seven miles, in an hour and eight minutes, three-fourths of the way without any tide in her favour. Considering that she was towed by steam-boats whose united power did not exceed one hundred and twenty horses, it is to be assumed that she is adapted for sailing through the water upon the most approved principles.

Having arrived at Kingroad, preparations were made for putting her engines in motion. They were pronounced to be ready between eleven and twelve, and the steam tugs, which up to that time had been holding her against the wind and tide, were ordered to let go, and the word given to turn a-head. It was not deemed prudent to put the engines at first to the test of a severe trial, and for some time they were kept going at about seven revolutions, which were allowed gradually to increase up to the time of her arrival at the Holms, when they had reached between eleven and twelve, the speed of the ship being in the proper proportion to the progress of the crew, at this time it having reached about eight knots. Long before she arrived at the Holms she had left behind one of the steam tugs; the other, well known to be the fastest steam paddle-boat out of the port, more than held her own up to this time. Near the Holms this gallant ship was twice turned round, and she came round in much less time, and in a much smaller circle, than, from her extreme length, and the strong breeze blowing against her could have been anticipated.

A snow storm threatening, it was deemed prudent to put her head homewards, with the view of arriving at her anchorage before dark. She returned at about the same speed until she came near Blackmore, about four miles from Kingroad. The fast Sampson was at this time, about half-past four, alongside of her. The engines were then allowed rather to exceed sixteen revolutions, which is equal to forty-nine of the screw; the speed of the ship suddenly increasing to better than fifteen knots, when she left her little competitor rapidly behind. She came to an anchor about five o'clock; and we understood, on board, from the scientific gentlemen concerned, that no doubt remains on their minds as to her being able to accomplish from twelve to fifteen knots, without the aid of her canvas, none of which was bent on the trial. The ship, or loss of the screw, was eight per cent.; the loss, we were told, of paddle-wheels in sea-going steamers under similar circumstances would have been 20 per cent. The steam was cut off at a foot, and six of the fires were not lighted at all, so that even at twenty revolutions or upwards, there is no doubt there will be plenty of speed. The driving chains and the shaft of the screw made no noise whatever. In the fore-cabin nobody would have known that an engine was at work, and in the after part it was necessary to feel the pillars with the hand to ascertain whether there was really any vibration.

It may be as well to state, as an answer to the objections that have been made to the navigation of our port, that a vessel of such vast dimensions as the Great Britain went down on a spring tide, and came up at dead low water; having gone on the last of the ebb, and came back on the first of the flood.

With all our hearts we congratulate the Directors and the Company upon the result of this great undertaking. Like many others interested, we may have felt a dose upon many points; but it is now our conviction that this ship is destined not only to work a great revolution in naval architecture, but, in conjunction with our well-tried Great Western, to remunerate the Company for the risks they have incurred, and the anxiety they have gone through.

At three o'clock on Thursday, a large party sat down, in the saloon of the ship, to an excellent cold collation, which being despatched, several toasts were drunk; including the health of Mrs. Miles, who had christened the Great Western and the Great Britain; of the Directors, of Mr. Guppy, Captain Hoskin, and Mr. Smith (the patron of the screw); and last, though not least, "the health of Captain Claxton, R.N.," was received with overwhelming cheers. "He was," says the *Bristol Mirror*, "the life of the meeting, as he has been the very soul of the undertaking, and most sincerely do we rejoice with him on the magnificent result of his unwearying exertions." Shortly after the meeting broke up.

The ship having arrived in Kingroad, the visitors landed at about seven o'clock.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

PARISIANA

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Wednesday.

"Germany," the poem of which I spoke to you before, as a satirical witty work, by Heine, residing here, creates a great sensation in Paris, where one translation has already been published, and others are handed about in society. The following, translated from the original German, is a sample of the more innocuous parts of the poem:—

Paganini had a familiar spirit—
A little red man would Napoleon visit,
Upon the eve of events and great occasions—
A battle, perhaps, or a foreign invasion.
Socrates, too, had an imp they say,
To do his biddings night and day.
I, too, when writing at night's lone hour,
Behold a spirit of might and power
Stands silent behind me; and larid and bright
Shines under his mantle a flickering light.
Lofty his stature, with eye like the star,
Wand'ring and shifting in Eber far;
Yet, silent and still, he'd stand in the distance,
Ne'er disturbing my labours with slightest resistance.
And time past on, and I'd lost him quite,
Till the Spirit again, one moonlight night,
Dogged my steps to sweet Cologne.
'Neath the Minster's shadow cold and lone,
And I turned appalled, nor longer could bear
His marble aspect and eyes' cold glare.
'Speak! what art thou! tell me, pray!
Why, when to listless moods a prey,
And lightning thoughts my mind obey,
Thou standest, strange being, ever behind?
Why 'neath thy mantle terribly shunest
That light, like the sparkle of ruby mines?'
And the Spirit answered, crabb'd and sour,
'Pray don't be pathetic, for this is mine hour.
Of the Past no phantom or popinjay I;
Rue calm and practical, silent and dry;
Your mind's meditations, your every thought,
My me to fruition is ultimate brought.
I execute slowly, but surely act I;
Thou art the Judge—Executioner, I.
At Rome, as you wot, in days of yore,
An axe was carried the Consul before.
Thou too, hast thy hector, but he follows behind
With the axe of the headsmen.

Then linger not longer; hence! forward! haste!
Thou man of strange thoughts!"

One need not be a conjurer to be able to predict that the Paris season which formerly dovetailed so exactly with our own, will soon run neck and neck with it, to the injury of both. The pleasure in private society have not yet begun; the diplomacy alone are a field, giving *réunions*. The houses, the most reputed for such pleasures, are those of Lady Cowley, Countess d'Appony, Countess Brignole, and the Prince de Ligne. The Countess d'Appony is the most renowned for her *fêtes*. She it was that first introduced in Paris, naming balls, where the whole elite of the city thronged, although daylight is cruelly trying for the skins of our Parisian beauties. These morning balls soon became the rage, but have now lost all fashion, and even the accomplished Countess would not revive them at her country seat at Auteuil, near Paris, the season before last.

The inclement weather victimizing the crowds thronging at this season to Paris, the present is a glorious time for the triumph of empiricism. Homeopathy, Hydropathy, and Mesmerism, have now outlived the liking of the Parisian *gohémèches*. Now the system in vogue is that of the well-known Raspail, a great natural philosopher, and a still greater radical, and carrying the

most singular eccentricity in all his opinions. He avers that the diseases of the body depend upon the two great influence of parasitic animals preying upon our organs, and, although invisible, as demonstrably present as the monsters you behold in a drop of water, at your Polytectnic. His universal panacea and antidote is camphor, which destroys these invisible enemies, and the camphor must be inhaled. You therefore see, in all directions in the streets of Paris, persons moving about, having quills in their mouths: in these quills are bits of camphor, which they inhale with the air they breathe. Thousands of persons flock to consult Raspail, and all his advice is gratuitous, which renders it probable he will have no disciples amongst the doctors.

Mesmerism affords, at Paris, as elsewhere, a fertile subject of discussion, and the incredulous, who everywhere form a larger portion of the community, are now triumphing in the failure of a recent experiment, made by two zealous believers. They presented themselves a short time ago before the Académie de Sciences, affirming that it was possible by the mere influence of will, to imbue a piece of iron with a large quantity of magnetic fluid. M. Arago was delegated by that learned body to examine into this phenomenon. The experiment failed, but these gentlemen attributed its non-success wholly to the influence of the determined scepticism of M. Arago. A French Abbé, M. Lorebert, has recently published a book on the so-called science, defending it from the attacks of disbelievers, on the one hand, and the disapprobation of the church on the other.

I told you in a former letter, how much the number of sudden deaths, which have lately taken place in high society, had affected every one. Another is now added to the number. The Duc de Lorges, who, as you remember, lost his amiable wife shortly after her return from England, where she had, with her daughter, graced the salons of the Duke de Bordeaux, has now sustained another heavy affliction. The Countess du San D'Allema, his sister, died at the château de Font Perthus, after an illness of three days, in the arms of her mother, the Dowager Duchess de Lorges. Her funeral was attended by crowds of weeping peasants. By this event, the great legitimist families of La Rochejacquin and Cirrac are placed in mourning.

Another death has contributed to cast a gloom over Parisian society, especially that of the faubourg St. Germain. It is that of the young and talented Prince Elim Tcheksky, the author of a collection of French poetry, as yet unedited, and of a tragedy destined to the genius of Mdlle. Rachel. He has been carried off by an inflammation of the chest. One of the most distinguished and witty of our poets, M. Emile Deschamps, has undertaken the editorship of these works of this youthful and lamented author.

The faubourg St. Germain has another cause for agitation. Prince Robecq de Montmorency, who bears one of the proudest and most illustrious names in France, has been brought before the Police Correctionnelle, and sentenced to a month of imprisonment, and a fine of a thousand francs. You heard of the late trial of this nobleman, for endeavouring to cause sedition among the people. He was then acquitted; but the French Government, unwilling to lose hold of him, have now accused him of a delinquency which falls under the cognizance of the police—that of distributing, without a licence, a quantity of busts of the Duc de Bordeaux, which had been already placed under the ban of Government. These busts had been executed by the elegant and handsome Lion of Paris, Count Emilien de Nieuwerkerke, a successful sculptor, although a rich man. His principal performance is the statue of William of Nassau, in one of the principal squares of the Hague.

The danger to which one of our *élégantes* has been lately exposed, and her rescue by a *preux chevalier*, afford another topic of conversation in Parisian society. This lady, taking an excursion with a friend, in her carriage, which was harnessed to a *Daumont*, and drawn by two horses—the one on which the position rode, was frightened by the horse of a cabriolet which was passing, and after throwing his rider, set off at a furious pace, dragging his fellow horse along with him. The danger was extreme; the carriage threatened every moment to be shattered to pieces, when a young and fashionably-attired gentleman who was passing, rushed forwards, seized the horses' heads, and although the frightful rapidity with which they were going caused him to be dragged forwards some yards, to the imminent risk of his life, he managed at last to master and to stop them. After having calmed the horses, and given them back to the care of the young postilion, who was more frightened than hurt, he did not wait to receive the thanks of the grateful and terrified ladies, but disappeared immediately. It has been since ascertained that this courageous individual is a young and noble Spaniard, the Marquis de St. Jago.

According to one of our newspapers, M. Guisot has been attacked by an affection of the larynx, so severe that his doctors do not answer for his cure should he persevere in sustaining his official duties this session.

The Marquis Joachim Napoleon Popolé, grandson of Murat, the King of Naples, and brother-in-law of Napoleon, has lately married the Princess Frida de Hohenollern Sigmaringen, daughter of the reigning Prince. The young couple inhabit Bologna.

The Parisians amuse themselves with punning on a late threatened collision of two Royal personages:—The King of Hanover and the Duke of Brunswick, both travelling on the same railway in Germany, in two trains going in different directions, an accident like the late deplorable one detailed by your newspapers appeared inevitable, but the carriages were most fortunately stopped in time to avoid the danger.

The Royal Family are now all assembled, including the King and Queen of the Belgians, but the arrival of the youthful Duchess d'Aumale amongst them must have appeared to her somewhat inauspicious. I told you last week of the disasters of her passage: the weather continued unpropitious to the end; and on the morning after her arrival at Paris, the eyes of the young bride—accustomed to the cloudless skies and eternal sunshine of her own land—were greeted with a fog so dense, that it would have emulated your *brouillard de Londres*, and a white sheeting of snow, which had not even respected the dwelling of Royalty, or the Temple of Hymen. Her reception, besides, lacked its intended gaiety, in consequence of the sudden postponement of the *fêtes* at Fontainebleau. It was certainly remarkable that three Royal marriages, whose honeymoon had been there celebrated—those of the Duchess de Berry; the Princess Marie of Wurtemberg, a daughter of Louis Philippe, who died early; and the Duchess of Orleans—should have all terminated so unhappily.

FRANCE.

Our intelligence from France comprises several articles of interest. The insurrectionary movement at Lucerne has been suppressed, but considerable excitement prevails there and in several other cantons. The Duke d'Aumale, with his newly-married bride, had arrived in Paris. When they reached the Tuilleries, the King and the Queen of the French descended to the foot of the grand staircase to receive their new daughter-in-law. All the members of the Royal Family were assembled at the Palace. According to the *Commerce*, about the 15th of January, the Prince and Princess de Joinville will, owing to the delicate state of the health of the latter, quit Paris, and repair for the winter to a country-house hired for them at Hyères. The *Nouveliste* of Marseilles gives the following portrait of the young Duchess d'Aumale:—"The Duchess d'Aumale is a blonde and rather fragile young woman, with a lively countenance and a Bourbon nose. All who are admitted to her presence speak in the highest terms of her excellent disposition and her high mental qualifications. Her toilet is charmingly simple; over a white dress her Royal Highness wears a white scarf variegated with pink, and a blushing rose adorns her beautiful hair." The King and Queen of the Belgians are also now on a visit in Paris.

The *Moniteur* publishes the terms of the treaty between France and Morocco, but it is not necessary to recapitulate them, as the main points were mentioned at the time of the conclusion of the treaty.

The *Journal des Débats* of Monday contains a sort of official disclaimer of the *Océan* Française, the newspaper established at Tahiti by Captain Bruat, and condemns the tone adopted in that publication towards the English. It is reasonable to suppose that the French Ministry are annoyed at the insults heaped by this journal on the English, to which, probably, they give no sanction whatever; but of the fact that the paper was established by Captain Bruat, and is under his control, there can be no doubt.

The celebrated church of St. Eustache, at Paris, narrowly escaped total destruction by fire on Monday evening, owing to the carelessness of a workman, who left a lighted candle in the organ-loft. The fire commenced in that part of the building; it destroyed the organ, one of the most celebrated in Europe, but the pictures and other valuable property were saved, owing to the great exertions of the fire-brigade and the authorities.

The *Constitutionnel* says, that the marriage of Queen Isabella II. with the Count of Trapani is finally determined on; and that the affair has been definitively arranged by the Prince de Joinville and the Duke d'Aumale during the recent visit to Naples. The *Constitutionnel* thinks that this marriage, instead of pacifying Spain, will be the signal for a renewal of the civil war, by destroying the hopes of the Carlists, and rendering them desperate. It also disapproves of the marriage, as likely to lead France into further difficulties, while it cannot be expected to obtain the sanction of the northern powers.

Another accident occurred on the left bank of the Versailles Railway between Chaville and Sèvres on Monday, in consequence of the pin breaking which connected the bar of the luggage-waggon with that of the passengers' carriage. The train was thrown off the rails. The engineer was killed on the spot and five passengers were more or less wounded. The accident did not cause any interruption to the traffic.

The *Journal des Débats* of Tuesday contains an article upon the prospects of the ensuing Session, which may be considered as an official manifestation of the confidence of Ministers that their opponents will not be able to defeat them. The *Débats* contends that M. Dupin ought to be re-elected President of the Chambers, instead of M. Sauzet, but, at the same time, it does not consider the question as altogether a Ministerial one. It says:—"It is evident that it is not upon the Presidency that this question will be tried. The Ministry will not be saved if the Chamber elect M. Sauzet, than it will be lost if M. Dupin be elected. The votes are perfectly free, and one reason alone remains to be weighed—that of capacity. We were far from saying that M. Sauzet is an incapable President—we only consider M. Dupin to be more capable; and as it is important that the Chambers should be presided over by the greatest capability, we think that the majority should give its vote in preference to M. Dupin. We mean no more."

The *théâtre* continued in Paris, and throughout France. The ice which had formed in the rivers Seine and Marne had broken up, unaccompanied by any unpleasant incident.

Our Paris correspondent sends us an account of the commencement of the English performance in that capital on Monday. The *Théâtre des Italiens*, which is a large *salle*, was very nearly filled, and the audience comprised many of the French nobility, as well as some of the leading English residents. The play was "Othello." It would be a work of supererogation to criticize Macready's performance of *the Moor* or Miss Helen Faucit's personation of *Desdemona*. Suffice it to say, that the play was received well throughout, and some scenes elicited applause bordering on enthusiasm. The smothering of *Desde-*

mona, however, did not at all accord with French ideas of propriety. Some of the ladies screamed, and others left the house abruptly. With this exception all was successful. Mr. Macready and Miss Faucit were loudly called for at the fall of the curtain, and were much cheered. It is satisfactory to add, that no political manifestation took place. It was stated in Paris that the *claqueurs*, an organized band who force pieces into popularity, threatened to hiss the English performers off the stage, if Mr. Mitchell did not buy them off; but that gentleman had the courage to despise the threat, and they did not attempt to carry it into execution.

SPAIN.

We are glad to find by our accounts from Madrid that the Government is now disposed to adopt a more lenient course in reference to the late insurrectionary movements. Colonel Rengifo, Captain Pedro Garcia, and Surgeon Manuel Arrilla, who after the sentence of the court-martial held at Madrid, had been placed *en capilla* previous to their execution, were, after a meeting of the Cabinet Council, pardoned by the Queen.

A letter from Figueras of the 13th inst., states that the partisans of Espartero were assembling on the neighbouring frontier to enter Lampurdan, and that General Seoane appeared to be their principal chief. The latter was assisted by an aide-de-camp of Espartero, who had hitherto eluded the surveillance of the French police. On the same day a battalion of the regiment of Saragossa entered the town. The inhabitants of the country were animated with the best possible spirit, and were only awaiting orders to rise *en masse* against the rebels.

On the 8th the news reached Madrid of a popular movement having taken place at Carthage. It is stated to have been checked without bloodshed.

No intelligence whatever has been obtained respecting Zurbano. A letter from Bayonne says:—"Twenty inhabitants of the lately revolted districts of Echo, Anso, and Sireas, Upper Arragon, arrived at the French frontier town of Bedous on the 6th, and presented themselves before the Police Commissary. They looked the very picture of famine, cold, and despair, having passed several days in the mountains almost without food, and exposed to all the rigours of the present season. Twelve of the inhabitants of Echo and Anso, who took a part in the insurrection of these places, have been shot by the order of the Captain-General of Arragon."

PORTUGAL.

We have accounts from Lisbon to the 10th inst. The discussions in the Chamber of Peers have lost their interest for the present; but the Chamber of Deputies has been engaged with some propositions on local matters, which excited some attention.

A sumptuous entertainment was given a few days ago by her Majesty, at the Palace of Belem, to celebrate the birthday of her brother, the Emperor of Brazil. All the Ministers of State were present, as well as the corps diplomatique, together with many of the nobility and persons of distinction; a good deal of pomp was mixed up with the festivity of the occasion. The Queen and Royal family continued to inhabit the palace above mentioned, owing to the alterations at the *Necessidades* not yet being completed, and it is expected that it will be their residence during the winter.

TURKEY.

A private letter from Constantinople dated Nov. 27, has reached us, which states that considerable sensation had been caused by the sudden departure of the English Ambassador, Sir Stratford Canning. There had latterly been several discussions between our Ambassador and the Grand Vizier upon points respecting which there was some difference; for instance, the recent conduct of the Pacha of Trebizond towards the British Consul there, and the alarmists of the capital spread a report of an important rupture. On the other hand, it is stated that the Ambassador had merely departed on a shooting excursion to the Dardanelles, and had availed himself of the departure of an English vessel which had sailed to obtain a supply of stores and provisions.

UNITED STATES.

ARRIVAL OF THE BRITANNIA.—The Britannia steamer has reached Liverpool with New York papers to the 20th ult. Their news, however, is unimportant. The message of the Acting President was expected at New York on the 3rd inst., and will probably reach England by the next vessel, as it generally arrives about this time of year.

New Orleans papers contain later dates from Texas. The *Clarksville* (Texas) *Northern Standard* of October 16, contains a paragraph from another Texan paper, in which it is said that President Houston has received another communication from Santa Anna, of a pacific character. It is further stated that the contemplated invasion of Texas by Mexico is abandoned, and it is settled that England and France have offered to obtain an acknowledgment of Texas independence, on condition that Mexico shall have the right to renew the war whenever Texas offers herself to the United States.

There was little alteration in stocks at New York. The cotton market was dull.

NAVAL AND MILITARY INTELLIGENCE.

ARMY MOVEMENTS.—The following removals of troops have just taken place, namely, the 6th Foot from Chester, en route to Ireland; the 8th Foot from Bolton to Chester, to succeed the 6th Foot; the 16th Foot from Dublin to Cork; and the 56th Foot has arrived at Liverpool, from Dublin.

DEATH OF REAR-ADMIRAL EDWARD BOGUE.—Intelligence has been received of the death of the above gallant flag officer, after a protracted illness. He died at Liphon, near Plymouth, last week, at the age of 69 years. The deceased admiral had been in the naval service of his country above fifty years.

DEATH OF SIR JOHN JAMISON, Kt.—Intelligence has been received of the demise of the above venerable knight, well known some years back as an eminent physician in the navy, and one of the inspectors of hospitals and fleets. He died at his villa, near Sydney, on the 29th of June last.

It is rumoured in the naval circles that Admiral Sir Charles Ogle, Bart., is likely to succeed Admiral Sir David Milne, G.C.B., as Commander-in-Chief at Plymouth.

THE EXPECTED BREVET.—It is confidently said that the long-expected brevet will take place at the commencement of the new year. This has been long due to the army, and we are sure that it will be gratefully received.

PORTSMOUTH.—The Royal yacht Victoria and Albert is complete, all but her ventilating apparatus, which is being fitted under the superintendence of Dr. Reid. It is expected she will leave the dock and make trial of her speed after her alterations in a few days. The St. Vincent, 120, progresses rapidly in her refit in dock. It is expected she will be able to leave in about two months.

PORTSMOUTH, TUESDAY.—A court martial was held to-day upon Mr. Bellis, mate of the *Excellent*, charged by Captain Sir Thomas Hastings, with dereliction of duty in absenting himself from his watch on the 7th inst. Evidence was given, and the court pronounced the prisoner guilty. He was ordered to be severely reprimanded, and to remain on the mates' list two years more than the ordinary term before advancement in his profession.

COUNTRY NEWS.

DARTMOUTH ELECTION.—The nomination, it is said, will take place on Monday next, and the polling on the day following.

PROPOSED INCORPORATION OF BRIGHTON.—A large adjourned meeting was held at Brighton on Monday, upon the subject of the proposed incorporation of Brighton. After a long discussion the proposition was rejected by a considerable majority.

EXPLOSION OF FIRE-DAMP.—Another of these accidents took place on Friday last, at the Edwards Colliery, Pontypridd (Wales), when five persons were severely burnt. It appears that the explosion took place in consequence of Simon Davies (the manager) and his son going into an old stall, which had been discontinued working, with a naked candle.

MEETING OF MANCHESTER MERCHANTS.—An important meeting of merchants took place in Manchester, on Tuesday, for the purpose of adopting measures to procure the repeal of the duty on cotton wool. Resolutions in favour of that object were agreed to.

INCENDIARY FIRES.—Accounts have been received of more incendiary fires. Last Sunday night at Lyme Regis, Dorsetshire, no less than seven houses were consumed, with the furniture. There has also been an incendiary fire on Highfield Farm, Hemel Hempstead, Herts, but it was fortunately confined to the straw rick on which it originated.

MURDER OF A POLICE OFFICER AT LIVERPOOL.—A brutal outrage was committed at an early hour on Sunday morning last at Liverpool, upon two police officers named Fairclough and Price, by a young man, named William Jones. Jones had been dreadfully abusing his sister in a house situated in Whitfield-street, Toxteth park, in that town. The two officers interfered to restore peace, and they prevailed upon them to re-enter the house, out of which Jones had violently driven his sister. Immediately afterwards, however, Jones came out with a poker in his hand, and suddenly struck both the officers over the head. Serious injuries were the consequence, from which Fairclough died on Monday afternoon, and Price was disabled. Tuesday the prisoner was remanded by the magistrate to abide the issue of the coroner's inquest.

A MURDER COMMITTED TWO YEARS AGO.—A man named James Crowley has been apprehended at Chester, charged with the murder of William Tilsley, on the 25th of Dec., 1842. From the statement made before the magistrates, it appeared that Crowley's father, having reason to dread some fatal act of violence on the part of his son, had one of his farm-servants, named William Tilsley, sworn in as a special constable for his (the father's) protection; and on Christmas Day, 1842, the family and a party of friends having just taken their seats at the dinner-table, the prisoner's mother suddenly started up, and said to her husband, "For God's sake go up-stairs; there's James coming across the field with his gun to shoot some of us." The old man accordingly hurried from the apartment, and the prisoner, who had been seen by his mother through the window advancing in the way she described, went round to the back of the house, and thrust the muzzle of his gun through a pane of glass. In the meantime Tilsley went out to expostulate with the prisoner, who, on seeing him, retreated a few paces exclaiming, "It's you, is it?" and at the same time fired at the unfortunate man, and shot him dead upon the spot. He then shouldered the gun, and was heard to say as he walked away, "I've another charge for somebody else." Crowley was heard of no more until a few days since. He has, it appears, been in the United States in the interim, but has resided ever since March last in Chester. A woman with whom he has recently lived, in a fit of jealousy betrayed him. The prisoner admitted that he shot Tilsley. He was ordered to be taken to Warwick, where he will undergo further examination.

SUFFOCATION OF THREE PERSONS BY CHARCOAL.—On Saturday night last, three husbandmen in the employ of John Oakley, Esq., farmer, at Darlington, near Chatham, were found dead in their bed-room. It appears that the men, whose names are John Stedman, aged 25 years, Thomas Webb, 18, and George

Wright, 17, lodged at the hallif's cottage, on the opposite side of the road to the farm-house, and in consequence of the severity of the cold, they had begged the hallif's wife to warm their room. On Saturday last, the night being very cold, she allowed them to do so, and as the bed-room had not a fire place, she procured a stable lantern, filled it with charcoal, and placed it in the centre of the room. About eight o'clock on Saturday night Stedman retired to rest, and he was followed about an hour afterwards by the other two, Webb and Wright. Nothing was heard of them until next morning. Not coming down stairs at the usual hour, about seven o'clock, the hallif went up stairs to rouse them. Wright was found lying on the floor behind the door; he had evidently dropped down dead the instant he entered the room, which must at the time have been filled with carbonic gas. Webb was lying on his back on the bed, with his hand to his head; as if he had been seized by death in the act of undressing. Stedman had his jacket off, and had partly removed his trousers from his person, and had fallen back on the bed. At the inquest, which was held on Monday, the jury returned a verdict—that the deaths of the young men were accidental, caused by suffocation by charcoal being burnt in the bed-room.

IRELAND.

MORE MURDERS.—On Friday week a murder of a most atrocious nature was committed on a female respectably dressed, but whose name could not be discovered. On the following day an inquest was held, and adjourned till next day, in order to ascertain, if possible, some clue to the perpetrator of the foul deed. But the police were unsuccessful in their pursuit of the murderer. It appeared from the evidence that the deceased and the supposed murderer were travelling on the road from Tramore to Annetstown, at one o'clock on the Friday; and at two o'clock on the same day the poor woman was found on the road, about one hundred yards from a cabin, into which the murderer went to light a pipe, with her head completely smashed, and it appeared from the appearance of the body that death must have been instantaneous, as no signs of struggling or protracted death appeared on her person. The *Tipperary Vindicator* gives the following account of another murder:—"It affords us the deepest pain to record another of those crying murders which have brought down on our country a notoriety so unenviable. In this case the parties were nearly related. An uncle was the victim, two brothers the alleged perpetrators of the awful deed which has deprived him of life! Britt is the name of the persons; the scene of the dreadful deed near Inch, Borrisoleigh; the cause of quarrel some dispute about land, or the right of passage through a green lane. For a long time these persons have been squabbling and litigating at the Borrisoleigh Petty Sessions. On Tuesday, it would appear, they all met in the green lane, the cause of their contention—a violent altercation commenced—blows ensued—and the uncle, overpowered, fell a sacrifice."

REPEAL DEMONSTRATION AT WATERFORD.—What is called a Repeal demonstration has taken place at Waterford, in the shape of a banquet, over which Thomas Meagher, Esq., the mayor of that town, presided; but it was rather a sorry affair. There was very little in Mr. O'Connell's speech worth notice. The honourable and learned gentleman spoke very confidently about procuring Repeal. He said he was as certain of it as of his own existence. Various circumstances might lead to it at once; but he harped principally upon the idea of its being brought on by the threat of danger to England. He said:—"There is no event menacing England—there is no event menacing the public peace of the world that will not give us Repeal more readily than I can pronounce the word. (Cheers.) England would then want the people of Ireland, and the people of Ireland she can have by buying them, for they want a price for their services, and that price is Repeal. (Loud cheers.) It cannot be remote when we consider the accumulating strength of such a nation as the Irish, amounting, I may say from the first authority, to 900,000 grown up men—not including the boys of from eleven to fourteen, who are rather handy. (Laughter.) Yes, circumstanced as Ireland is, with the physical force she contains—with the determination she is evincing—with the combination that is rapidly accumulating into an entirety—with those facts before us and with the state of Europe in our contemplation, I say it is impossible that the Union should not soon be repealed." (Cheers.) Mr. O'Connell next touched upon the old grievances, and mooted a new and very singular one—the apathy of the English people and the indifference of the English press to the affairs of Ireland. "The English press will not report the real state of the country, nor put forward our grievances. They would do so if the English people felt an interest in the subject, for then their own interests would be affected if they did not do so, but their interests are not affected by their neglect, which proves the foregone apathy of the English people. (Hear.) It is all the same to them, for they have us fettered and handcuffed, as they think, in the chains of the Union, and that we are not able or willing to break them. They were never more mistaken since the world began. (Loud cheers.) We are both able and willing to break them—(cheers); and with the blessing of heaven we will break them into fragments. (Cheers.) The Irish shall not continue in chains. (Cheers.) The hour of thraldom is going by, and it is the duty of those who require security for the integrity of the empire and its continued consolidation under the same crown, to look to our complaints, and endeavour to mitigate them by doing us justice." This is really very rich. The English press has been literally swamped with "Ireland and the Irish," and yet O'Connell has the face to complain that the press neglects Irish interests. So far from not reporting "Irish grievances," the columns of the English papers have been choked with them, very often, no doubt, to the annoyance of their readers.

SHIPWRECKS OFF KINGSTOWN.—A letter from Dublin, dated Dec. 16, states that there has been some boisterous weather, which has produced the most disastrous effects. The shore at Seapoint, a mile and a half on the Dublin side of Kingstown, is strewn with butter barrels and the wreck of a vessel of very considerable size. It is supposed she was bound from Cork for London, with a cargo of butter. Several other serious injuries have been done to the shipping both in Kingstown and in Dublin harbours.

MURDER IN THE COUNTY OF CLARE.—Another murder has been committed in Clare, where the magistracy had assembled last week to devise measures for bringing to justice the persons concerned in the assassination of Mr. Arthur Gloster, a magistrate. Yesterday week Thomas Heffernan, a farmer, residing near Ennis, the assize town of the county, was fired at by some miscreants who lay in wait, and died instantly. The murder was committed about three o'clock, and it is stated that some of the neighbours of the victim were quite near at the time. This murder, like almost all the crimes perpetrated in the south, was connected with disputes about land. It appears that Heffernan was proceeding by ejection against his mother and brother-in-law. The latter, whose name is Clancy, has been apprehended on suspicion of being accessory to the murder.

THE REPEAL ASSOCIATION.—At the meeting of the Repeal Association on Monday, Mr. O'Connell made a speech of considerable length, but of little novelty or interest. Much of it was devoted to attacks upon the English press. The impudence and insolence of one writer, he said, was only equalled by his ignorance. Mr. O'Connell said he was again unprepared with the report from the committee on his ten propositions. The learned gentleman of course again alluded to his trial. He said:—"By the Clontarf proclamation the Government had challenged the people of Ireland to war, but finding that they would not fight, they went to law with them. From October to May the litigation had been going on, and would he could turn his back on those who caused that litigation, and he defied them to state any crime of which he had been guilty. There were crimes committed, but not by Repealers. They had the satisfaction of keeping him in goal for 100 days, when they had no right to detain him for the hundredth part of a minute. Mr. O'Connell, in conclusion, called on the people to rally as if they were really beginning to agitate for Repeal (cheers), and as if all they had hitherto done were as nothing. 1843 was the year for monster meetings; 1844 for peace, patience, and for legal triumph; 1845 should be marked by the weekly collection of the Repeal rent." (Cheers.) Surely Mr. O'Connell has something better to promise for 1845 than the weekly collection of the Repeal rent. This the people have been well accustomed to in former years. Mr. O'Connell announced the rent for the week to be £179 12s. 2d.

METROPOLITAN NEWS.

OPENING OF THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.—On Wednesday the public were allowed free access to the Merchants' Area, which was much crowded during the day. This interesting circumstance took place at eleven o'clock, and the building remained open till dusk. This will now occur every day, and on the 1st of January it will be given up to the merchants for their use. The Gresham Committee have adopted this arrangement, for the purpose of allowing a natural curiosity to be gratified, without the interruption which it would have caused to the merchants, if the free access of the public and the removal of the merchants from the temporary Exchange had occurred at the same time. The avenue to the eastward remains closed, in order to facilitate the finishing and furnishing of Lloyd's apartments, which are entered from the eastern area, and which are in a great state of forwardness.

ASSOCIATION FOR PROMOTING RELIEF OF DESTITUITION IN THE METROPOLIS.—Thursday last the first annual meeting of this association was held at the Hanover-square Rooms. The Bishop of London presided; and there were present, Lord Sandon, Sir Robert Inglis, M.P., Hon. Mr. Cowper, M.P., and several other clergymen and gentlemen. The Lord Bishop addressed the meeting at some length, and entered into details respecting the destitute condition of the poor. The secretary, Mr. Healy, then read a report, which referred to the state of the poor in London, in 1843, the moral evils resulting, remedial measures proposed, &c. The report stated, that at the commencement of the winter of 1843, public attention was drawn to the condition of the poorer classes of the population, and that at a meeting, presided over by the Bishop of London, the association was formed. With reference to funds, the report stated that they were diminishing. The total funds were £12,498, of which, there had been expended £9127. The report was unanimously adopted.

TESTIMONY TO FATHER MATHEW.—On Thursday evening a public meeting was held at Exeter Hall, for the purpose of considering the best means of relieving Father Mathew from the pecuniary embarrassments in which his labours and sacrifices in the cause of Temperance have involved him. The body of the Hall was crowded, the platform was not quite so well filled, and there was an unusually small proportion of females present. Many persons in the meeting wore the Temperance medal. Lord John Russell presided. In his opening address he highly eulogised the zealous labours of Father Mathew, and the moral reformation of which he had been the instrument in Ireland. Resolutions approving the objects of the meeting were moved and seconded by the following gentlemen:—Sir E. Coddington, J. S. Buckingham, Esq., W. Ewart, Esq., M.P., Mr. S. C. Hall, and the Rev. Mr. Sherman. In the course of the evening, it was stated that Father Mathew's present liabilities incurred in the Temperance cause amount to £7000. A collection was made, and a subscription commenced, to which Lord John Russell gives £25. The committee of the Temperance Society is empowered to carry out the object of the meeting.

MEETING OF PAPER MANUFACTURERS.—An important meeting of paper manufacturers took place at the London Coffee-house on Thursday. Mr. John Dickinson was in the chair, at which various statements were made to show the injurious operation of the duty on paper, and resolutions were agreed to with a view to the adoption of the best steps for procuring its repeal.

KING WILLIAM'S STATUE IN THE CITY.—The colossal statue of King William IV. has been placed on the pedestal in King William street, fronting London-bridge. The figure is fifteen feet three inches in height, and weighs 20 tons. It was cut out of two enormous blocks of granite, and the work has occupied the artist (Mr. Nixon) nearly three years. The dress of the statue appears to be that of an Admiral's uniform, a cloak hanging gracefully over the shoulders. The right hand bears a scroll.

THE WEATHER.—Last Saturday afternoon the frost gave way, and there was a gradual thaw in the night. During the early part of Sunday morning, however, the ice on the Serpentine was quite dry, and from between seven and eight o'clock until about nine the skaters enjoyed some excellent sport; but their number having then become much increased, and the cracks in the ice having been affected by the thaw, some water oozed through, and eventually the whole surface became covered, in some parts to the depth of full an inch. Throughout the middle of the day and the afternoon the number of spectators was very great, but the number of skaters during the day did not exceed 4000. Towards evening the ice became very dangerous. About three o'clock much amusement was occasioned by a lady, accompanied by a respectfully dressed man, appearing with skates on the ice. For about an hour she performed various evolutions with much ability, but she then had a fall, and immediately left the ice. On the Round-pond in Kensington-gardens the number of skaters, on Saturday, was 3000, and on the Long-water 4000, without any accidents. On Sunday, on the latter piece of ice, the number of skaters was nearly the same. In the Regent's park, on Sunday, the ice was sloppy and dangerous, but during the day there were upwards of 9000 skaters and sliders. The pickpockets mustered very strongly in all the parks, particularly in St. James's, where, from the absence of the police, it is supposed they made a rich harvest. It has been foggy during the week in London, and on some occasions lights have been necessary in the day-time. The temperature has been much warmer.

FIRE IN THE COMMERCIAL-ROAD.—On Tuesday forenoon a fire broke out in the marine signal light manufactory in the occupation of Messrs. Robeson and Highams, the patentees, in the Commercial-road, East, near the Regent's Canal. The progress of the fire was unusually rapid, and in the course of a few minutes the building became one complete flaming mass. The firemen were unable to extinguish the fire before the stock in trade and the building were nearly destroyed. The Messrs. Robeson and Highams are uninsured.

ACCIDENTS AND OFFENCES.

THE CONDEMNED FARRICIDE.—The wretched convict, Mary Gallop, now under sentence of death in Chester Castle, for poisoning her father at Crewe, has since her condemnation manifested a great change of temper and disposition. She has made a full confession of her guilt. It appears that she would be twenty-one years of age next March. She has lived with her parents at Warrington, Runcorn, Liverpool, Windsor near Liverpool, and lastly at Crewe. During her residence in Liverpool, she formed an acquaintance with a youth, who is still in her apprenticeship; on leaving that town, she corresponded with him, and a warm attachment was the result. She was in the habit of showing the letters to her mother, but her father resolutely forbade all intercourse between the lovers. About half a year ago, the mother committed suicide; and so determined was the unhappy convict to maintain her intimacy with the object of her affections, that she contemplated taking a servant's situation in Liverpool, for the purpose of obtaining interviews with him. The father persisted in refusing his assent; and one day, as her sister was relating an instance of some woman having poisoned her husband by mixing arsenic in a pudding, the dreadful thought took possession of Mary Gallop's mind, that if she could so kill her father, there would be no hindrance to the indulgence of her desires. Accordingly she mixed some arsenic with the dough of which she made some tea-cakes; and subsequently put a portion of the deadly poison into some arrow-root, which she administered to her father in his illness. The fatal sickness and death of her parent followed as the sad consequence of her wickedness. She now manifests the deepest contrition for her crime. The execution of the miserable girl is fixed for Saturday next, Dec. 28.—[This is the character whom a jury recommended to mercy.]

THE EXPLOSION ON THE DOVER RAILWAY.—Since our last an inquest has been held to inquire into the cause of the death of Aaron Wilkinson, fireman, belonging to the "Forester" locomotive engine, which exploded, and so injured him that he died, as already stated. The evidence was given principally by the same parties as in the case of Robert Buckley. The only new feature presented itself in the deposition of Mr. Berry, of the firm of Berry, Curtis, and Kennedy, the makers of the engine, who deposed that he could only account for the explosion by the excessive pressure of the steam, and that most decidedly there would not have been any explosion had the safety-valve been open—that is, had there been sufficient water in the tubes. He did think it was purely accidental. After a few minutes' consultation, the following verdict was returned:—"That the deceased came by his death by the accidental explosion of a locomotive steam-engine."

DEADLY WRECK NEAR HAVERIC.—During the heavy north-easterly gales on last week, a vessel was lost on Langard East Beach, near Haveric, accompanied with shocking loss of life. The vessel was the Hero (a schooner of 180 tons), belonging to Amsterdam, Mr. South, master, to which port she was bound from London. The crew, seven in number, including the master, took to the rigging for safety, but the excessive darkness of the night prevented them being seen until the ship had almost broken up. The principal officer of the Scout revenue cutter endeavoured to save them by a line, which he had contrived to throw over the wreck by the aid of a common rocket; however, the poor fellows were so benumbed with cold, that they were completely powerless, and sunk into the boiling surf and perished.

DEATH FROM A NAIL.—On Tuesday Mr. Baker held an inquest at the Cumberland Head, City-road, on the body of Emma Farr, aged seventeen months, the daughter of a shoemaker. It appeared that deceased was at play with her brother, and during their frolics she fell off the bed on which she was at the time, upon the heel of a shoe, on which was a nail sticking up. The nail penetrated the back part of the head to the depth of half an inch. Mr. Wright, a surgeon, was in attendance upon deceased, and extracted the nail; she, however, lingered for a few days, and died on Sunday night last. That gentleman said deceased had died from the effects of the injuries she had sustained. Verdict, "Accidental death."

DEATHS OF CHILDREN FROM FIRE.—On Monday Mr. Wakley, M.P., held an inquest in the Middlesex Hospital, on the body of Anne Dobson, a child, eight years old, who was burnt to death during her parents' temporary absence from home. Mr. Wakley observed that the loss of life by fire amongst children was truly awful. During the past few days he held inquests on thirteen who perished by fire. Mr. Deputy Coroner Mills said that very lately a score of children were burnt. A juror attributed the lamentable loss of life to the parents being obliged to go out in search of their daily bread, whilst they left their children in their rooms by themselves, not having the means either to pay a person to watch them, or to send them to school. Mr. Wakley remarked that the trifling outlay of a shilling in the purchase of a fire-guard would prevent such tragical occurrences.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—On Tuesday evening, an errand-cart belonging to Mr. Maynard, of Barking, was upset by a heap of paving-stones, opposite the Hall of Commerce. A man named Dean was passing with a truck at the moment, and was so injured by the van that he died before reaching St. Bartholomew's Hospital. A boy, who had been sitting with the driver of the van, was also severely injured.—[Sargood, the driver of the errand-cart, was examined before the Lord Mayor on Wednesday, on the charge of having been instrumental in Dean's death; and a witness named Kyte, who said he had placed the stones in the street, and that they had projected into the carriage-way, and thus caused the accident, was ordered into custody. Sargood was held to bail.]

SUDDEN DEATH IN A CATHOLIC CHAPEL.—On Tuesday night an inquest was held at the Three Swedish Crowns, Old Gravel-lane, before Mr. Baker, on the remains of Mary Roach, a pauper, belonging to the parish of St. George's in the East, aged 72 years. From the evidence it appeared, that on Sunday morning last the deceased was at the nine o'clock mass, in Virginia-street Chapel, and while engaged in prayer suddenly fell against a young woman, named Ann Bryant, who was kneeling alongside her. Mr. Henry, a medical gentleman, who was one of the congregation, was in immediate attendance on the poor woman, but all earthly assistance was of no avail, and the poor woman was instantly a corpse. Mr. Henry gave it as his opinion that apoplexy was the immediate cause of death, and the jury returned a verdict to that effect.

STEAM-BOAT COLLISION OFF OSTEND.—The Princess Mary and the Princess Alice came into collision on Tuesday, as the former, in a dense fog, was leaving Ostend with the mail, and the latter entering. No lives have been lost, but much damage has been done to the vessels, the Princess Mary suffering the most; a week or two will, however, put her right. The mail was landed. A vessel will be immediately put upon the station to fill the Princess Mary's place until she is able to resume her post.

SUICIDE ON A RAILWAY.—On Sunday night shortly before the train which leaves Manchester for Birmingham at a quarter-past six o'clock, had reached Wilmalston station, it passed over something on the rails, which afterwards proved to be the body of a young woman, about twenty-eight years of age. It appears that her name was Elizabeth Frith; that she had left her home at Audley, in Staffordshire, a day or two before, and had since been wandering about. Just before the passing of the train, she had placed herself across the rails, being in a state of insanity; but nothing was known of it till after the accident took place. An inquest was held on the body at Wilmalston on Monday night, when the jury returned a verdict to the effect, that she had placed herself across the rails while in a state of insanity, and was then and there killed. She was struck by the buffer, and one of her legs was nearly taken off. She died almost immediately.

A MOTHER-IN-LAW KILLED BY A POLICEMAN.—On Wednesday afternoon the following fatal occurrence took place at the lodgings of James Clark, police-constable No. 55, of the C division. It appears that Clark having returned home after attending as a witness at Marlborough-street Police Court, had a violent altercation with his wife respecting some family disagreements, during which the wife's mother interfered, taking part with her daughter, when Clark took her by the shoulders and gave her a violent push, from the effects of which she reeled backwards, and fell headlong down the stairs from the first-floor landing, and sustained such injury that she shortly after expired. In the course of the evening Clark surrendered himself at the station-house of the C division in Vine-street, Piccadilly.

EVERY BODY'S COLUMN.

EVENING MELODIES.—II. THE POET DREAMT OF HEAVEN!

The poet dreamt of Heaven!
He strayed, a little child, amidst the glen
Where in his boyhood he'd been wont to
stray;
He heard the very sounds he loved so then
And knew the very forms. 'Twas in this way
The Poet dreamt of Heaven!

The Mother dreamt of Heaven!
She saw her children decked in gems and
flowers;
And one, whose health had always been
sundered,
Was blooming now as those celestial bowers
He laughed to roam among. And, dream-
ing this,
The Mother dreamt of Heaven!

Her Children dreamt of Heaven!
Oh! 'twas a glorious land, where daisies
grew,
And hidden music round it sounded low;
And playtime lasted there the whole year
through,
And angels came and joined with them.
'Twas so
Her Children dreamt of Heaven!

A CLASSICAL ACCOUNT OF THE ORIGIN OF KISSING.
Pliny, in his Natural History, says that Cato was of opinion that the use of
kissing first began between kinsmen and kinswomen, however nearly allied or
far off, only to know, by kissing, whether their wives, daughters, or nieces, had
tasted any wine.

A NEW INVENTION FOR STEERING A SHIP.

A useful invention is now in the act of being applied to one of our men of war. It is called a "manœuvrer;" it is the proposition of R. Foulerton, Esq., and consists of an Archimedean screw, fitted through the deadwood of the ship at right angles with the keel, and set in motion by the capstan, for the purpose of turning the ship round when, from calm weather, the helm has no effect on the vessel.

THE SHORTEST DAY.

Why, how is this! past nine o'clock!
I fear I'm on very late;
I really thought—it is so dark—
That it was only eight.
I shall be scolded terribly,
And nothing can I say
Except, what everybody knows,
It is the shortest day!

It's very dark! I cannot see
At all what I'm about;
Ay, there—I knew it would be so—
My stocking's wrong-side out.
It is not worth while getting up;
I care not what you say;
But really we should stay in bed
All through the shortest day.

I cannot see to dress myself;
I shall be such a fright!
But to be sure it matters not,
The day is more like night.
The air is thick as thick pea-soup,
You scarce can see your way;
I'm half afraid to grope about
Upon the shortest day.

I wonder what blind people do,
Of optics quite bereft—
I've made a blunder in my shoe,
My right foot's in my left!
Misfortunes never single come,
I've heard old sages say,
And thus I'm bother'd on all hands
Upon the shortest day.

I wish the sun would show his face!
Alas! I must show mine—
He's shrouded quite in murkiness,
And won't come forth to shine.
He's really very stinky now,
And won't bestow a ray,
To save our noses from lamp-posts
Upon the shortest day.

The men who make the almanacks
Are very waggish folks,
But there's no reason why the world
Should suffer for their jokes;
For though it's dull, it's very clear,
No matter what they say,
That there is not a day at all
Upon their shortest day.

The morning star won't lend his light
To lead me to the latch,
I must find my own lucifer—
Give me a patent match!
But were I fairly in the street,
A waggon or a dray
Might pulverise me in the fog,
And end my shortest day.

And thus all thro' this doleful time
We risk both life and limb,
One cannot stir an inch in peace
When all is dark and dim.
There is no antidote against
Such arrows in array,
Except that nothing can last long
Upon the shortest day.

A FRENCH BULL.

A Paris paper states that, in consequence of the scenes of disorder which have
sometimes arisen at the churches during midnight mass, that ceremony will this
year be performed at eight o'clock in the morning. This reminds us of a change
once made in the meetings of a provincial club in Ireland, which was thus an-
nounced:—"Notice is hereby given, that the quarterly meetings of this society
will in future be held every six weeks, and not every two months, as formerly."

AN ECCENTRIC CENTENARIAN.

A Chester paper mentions the death of Mrs. Walker, of Chorlton, near Nant-
wich, who lived to more than 103 years. She had a peculiar fondness for the
feline race; she has been known to have as many as 15 cats at one time, and
though she was never known to sell one, she once exchanged four for a bushel of
wheat.

ANECDOTE OF BUNYAN.

One day, when Bunyan had preached with peculiar warmth and enlargement,
some of his friends came to shake hands with him after the service, and observed
to him what "a sweet sermon" he had delivered. "Ay!" he replied, "you
need not remind me of that; for the devil told me of it before I was out of the
pulpit."—*Southey's Life of Bunyan.*

PRECEPT AND EXAMPLE.

Thomson, the author of "The Seasons," wrote in bed his beautiful rhapsody
on early rising, commencing "Falsely luxurious! will not man awake?"

A NEW DEFINITION OF LIGHT.

"What is light?" asked a schoolmaster of the booby of a class. "A sovereign
that isn't full weight is light," was the prompt reply.

WIT OF LOUIS XVIII.

At a masked ball at the Opera in Paris, the Count de Provence, afterwards
Louis XVIII., who was enormously fat, went in disguise, where Madame de
Stael, who, although well-looking, was celebrated for her immense feet, accosted
him rudely, "I know you, *beau masque*, by your burly figure." "And I you
by your *pedestal* (*ped de Stael*)," retorted the witty Prince.

THE POLK FAMILY.

The new President of the United States is of Scottish lineage, and his curious
looking name an abridgment of a good old Scotch one. Mr. Polk's father or
grandfather is said to have been a Lanarkshire man, of the name of Pollock. In
the somewhat peculiar dialect of the upper ward of that county the name is pro-
nounced *Poke*, and hence, probably, the orthography adopted by the Transat-
lantic branch of the family.

STATISTICS OF THE COLD IN PARIS.

In 1067, 1210, 1305, 1354, 1408, and 1420, the Parisians had very severe winters,
and in 1408 the soldiers' rations of wine were cut with an axe. In 1433 the frost
set in on the last day of the year, and lasted three months. The winters of 1460,
1480, 1493, 1508, and 1522, are recorded as excessively cold. In 1514 wine was
cut with an axe throughout France, in the casks. In 1662 and 1663 the frost
continued in Paris from Dec. 5 to March 8. In 1676 and 1677 the Seine was
frozen over for 35 days consecutively. The average cold of a great number of
years at Paris is about 10 or 11 degrees centigrade above zero. At 9 degrees cen-
tigrade the Seine freezes. The severest cold hitherto known at Paris was in 1795,
when the thermometer fell to 23 5 10.

STATISTICS OF DRUNKENNESS.

A very curious document has been lately drawn up on the origin, causes, re-
sults, metaphysics, philosophy, and physiology of drunkenness. One of the
most curious chapters is that which contains a table of the various circumstances
to which inebriety may be attributed. The report divides intoxication into
several heads, including the muzzy, which is a sort of minor branch. Among the
muzzy, six cases out of ten may be traced to spasms, and that one-nineteenth
arises from birthdays; that among confidential clerks inebriety is rare, but when
it occurs, pickled salmon, or the arrival of a friend from the country, are found
to be the most usual causes of the malady. Drunkenness has also been known
to arise, in some instances, from taking up a bill; but as the latter is an opera-
tion which persons given to intoxication seldom perform, the number of cases to
be attributed to this source is very insignificant. A wife's birthday has often
been known to lead to a total prostration of the husband; but it is a remarkable
fact, that the day is frequently mistaken in these instances; and, such is the
power of imagination, that a man has been known to drop down into the gutter
eight or nine times in a year, through having fancied that the birthday of his
wife occurred repeatedly in the course of a twelvemonth.—*Punch.*

THE HEALTH OF THE METROPOLIS.

The industrious fleas were so indisposed last week, that they were confined for
three days to their Whitney blanket. Napoleon is still laid up with chilblains,
owing to the severity of the weather. His charger, also, is suffering from weak-
ness in the knees, in consequence of the slipperiness of the wood pavement of
the Pembroke table. They are not expected to perform again with their usual
animation before the return of the spring.—*Punch.*

A STRANGE CERTIFICATE.

The following original medical certificate was presented to the magistrates at
Hammersmith a short time ago:—

"With Dr. Collier's compliments,
"I certify that the within-named Mr. George Seaman is confined to his house
with gout in both feet, and totally unable to comply with any summons, except
it come from the other world, as is not improbable from day to day."
"GEO. FRED. COLLIER, M.D.,
"Member of the Royal College of Physicians, &c."

LITERATURE IN BELGIUM.

The activity of the newspapers of Brussels has been excited of late to an in-
credible point. Two of the principal journals announce that they will give
(gratis) to their yearly subscribers "The History of the Consulate and of the
Empire," by M. Thiers, which will be published in Paris, in next January, be-
sides a weekly distribution of the best French romances. A bookseller of Brus-
sels has paid to the editor of the history of M. Thiers 50,000*fr.*, to be at liberty
to publish that work at Brussels the same day as it will appear in the French
capital.



AMERICAN PRAIRIE ON FIRE.

AMERICAN PRAIRIE ON FIRE.

Conflagrations of prairies, of vast extent, have been of late, by no means unfrequent in "the far West." Thus, in a recent New York paper, date November 16th, we find the following paragraph:—

"A fire broke out in the Monticello Prairie, a few miles back of Alton, Ill., on Thursday week, which destroyed many buildings and a considerable amount of personal property. The citizens of Alton turned out *en masse*, to render assistance in saving property and arresting the progress of the fire, which is said to have raged with great fury."

Our correspondent adds: "Several bodies have been found; and among them, a father with his son in his arms, burnt to death."

The terrific catastrophe of a prairie on fire, such as our artist, in New York, has depicted, has been nowhere more vividly described than in the very attractive "Adventures of Mons. Violet," edited by Captain Marryat:

The breeze freshened, and I heard the distant and muffled noise which in the west announces either an earthquake or an "estampede" of herds of wild cattle and other animals. Our horses, too, were aware of some danger, for now they were positively mad, struggling to break the lassos and escape.

"Up," I cried, "up Gabriel, Roche! up, up, strangers! quick! saddle your beasts! run for your lives; the prairie is on fire, and the buffaloes are upon us." They all started upon their feet, but not a word was exchanged; each felt the danger of his position; speed was our only resource, if it was not already too late. In a minute our horses were saddled, in another we were madly galloping across the prairie, the bridles upon the necks of our steeds, allowing them to follow their instinct.

For an hour we dashed on with undiminished speed, when we felt the earth trembling behind us, and soon afterward the distant bellowing, mixed up with the roaring and sharper cries of other animals, was borne down unto our ears. The atmosphere grew oppressive and heavy, while the flames, swifter than the wind, appeared raging upon the horizon. The fleetest game of all kinds now shot past us like arrows; deer were bounding over the ground, in company with wolves and panthers; droves of elk and antelopes passed swifter than a dream; then a solitary horse or huge buffalo bull.

The atmosphere rapidly became more dense, the heat more oppressive, the roars sounded louder and louder in our ears; now and then they were mingled with terrific howls and shrill sounds, so unearthly, that even our horses would stop their mad career and tremble, as if they considered them supernatural; but it was only for a second, and they dashed on.

A noble stag passed close to us, his strength was exhausted; three minutes afterwards we passed him—dead. But soon, with the rushing noise of a whirlwind, the mass of heavier and less speedy animals were close upon us; buffaloes and wild horses, all mixed together—an immense dark body miles in front, miles in depth: on they came, trampling and dashing through every obstacle. This phalanx was but two miles from us.

It was an awful sight! a sea of fire, roaring in its fury, with its heaving waves and unearthly hisses, approaching nearer and nearer, rushing on swifter than the sharp morning breeze.

Away we dashed, over hills and down declivities; for now the ground had become more broken. The fire was gaining fast upon us, when we perceived that,

a mile ahead, the immense herds before us had entered a deep, broad chasm, into which they dashed, thousands upon thousands, tumbling headlong into the abyss. But now the fire rushing quicker, blazing fiercer, than before, as if determined not to lose its prey, curled its waves above our heads, smothering us with its heat and lurid smoke.

A few seconds more we spurred in agony; speed was life; the chasm was to be our preservation or our tomb. Down we darted, actually borne upon the backs of the descending mass, and landed, without sense or motion, more than a hundred feet below. As soon as we recovered from the shock, we found that we had been most mercifully preserved: strange to say, neither horse nor rider had received any serious injury. We heard, above our heads, the hissing and cracking of the fire; we contemplated with awe the flames, which were roaring along the edge of the precipice—now rising, now lowering, just as if they would leap over the space and annihilate all life in these western solitudes.

We were preserved; our fall had been broken by the animals, who had taken the leap a second before us, and by the thousands of bodies which were heaped up as a haystack, and received us as a cushion below. With difficulty we extricated ourselves and horses, and descending the mass of carcasses, we at last succeeded in reaching a few acres of clear ground.

ALARMING STEAM-BOAT COLLISION.

A steam-boat collision, involving fatal results, took place on Tuesday afternoon, about half-past two o'clock.

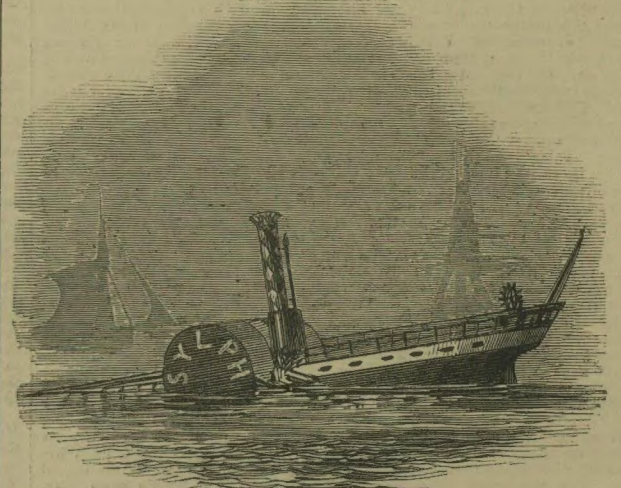
As the Sylph, belonging to the Old Woolwich Steam-packet Company, was proceeding on her down-passage to Woolwich, having just left the Greenwich stone pier, and when off the east end of the Royal Hospital, she was run down by the Orwell (Ipswich steamer), proceeding to London-bridge-wharf. A dense fog prevailed at the time, and the shrieks of the passengers on board both vessels were heart-rending in the extreme. In an instant nearly thirty watermen put off in their boats, and arrived just in time to save several persons from the ill-fated Sylph, before she sank in deep water.

It appears that the Orwell struck the Sylph on her starboard-bow, and cut her nearly in two. Immediately on the Orwell receding from the Sylph, three of the cabin passengers were carried to the surface by the rush of water thus created. They were picked up, and taken ashore by the boats in attendance, as well as the crew of the Sylph, and numerous deck passengers who had been washed overboard. One of the officers of the Orwell rushed on board the sinking vessel, with an axe in his hand, and rescued two persons who were wedged in between the broken timbers and the vessel's side. These were also taken on shore. Some children were picked up, and taken on board the Orwell. One person, whose name is Sheppard, was taken to the Union public-house, East Greenwich, with his skull frightfully fractured, one eye knocked out, and a leg and arm broken; he is since dead. The Orwell remained with the Sylph till the last, when the Witch steam-boat, belonging also to the Old Woolwich Company, arrived, and towed, or rather dragged, the Sylph towards the south shore.

The passengers belonging to the Orwell were landed at Greenwich, and were forwarded by railway and omnibus to their respective destinations. The Orwell was much behind time, having been two days on her passage from Ipswich.

The statement of Captain S. Wrackham, the commander of the Orwell, al connected with this melancholy event, is to the following effect:—The Orwell was due at five o'clock on Monday evening, but on coming up the river, and when on the other side of Gravesend, the fog was so heavy that it was found necessary to cast anchor. About nine o'clock next morning she heaved her anchor, but in consequence of the continuance of the fog she came up the river at a very slow rate. Between one and two o'clock she was off Woolwich, and was two hours making the distance from that point to Greenwich. When off the latter place the Sylph was making for the pier, and, it being high tide, she was under the necessity of going at her full speed. In crossing from the north to the south shore the Orwell came in sight of the Sylph, when the pilot, whose name is Wiggins, being at the wheel of the Orwell, seeing the danger which the smaller boat was in, called out, "Stop her; ease her," and the Orwell was backed three turns astern. Unfortunately, the Sylph was not able to clear herself; for, although the backing took place, she was struck in the fore-ponson, or in front of the paddle-box on the larboard side, and instantly filled, the figure-head of the Orwell coming across the deck of the Sylph. The cries and shrieks of the unfortunate passengers were truly alarming; but before any aid could be rendered, the Sylph pitched head downwards. The crew and passengers of the Orwell rendered every assistance, and dragged several of the ill-fated passengers through the aperture that had been made; but for this, the loss of human life must have been much greater.

From the difficulty of obtaining accurate particulars, some exaggerated accounts of the number of persons drowned obtained circulation, but from subsequent search it appears that the loss of life is confined to the two men brought ashore. Sheppard is a man well known in Greenwich and Woolwich as a carrier between the two towns. It is evident that this unfortunate man must have been sitting on the starboard side of the fore cabin, at that part where the Orwell struck the Sylph; and there is little doubt, from the extent of the injuries he was found to have received, that he must have been killed on the instant.



WRECK OF THE "SYLPH."

The name of the other unfortunate man has not transpired, although the body has been recognised. He was a seller of oranges on board the Greenwich and Woolwich steam-boats. When taken from the wreck the poor fellow was alive, and although the greatest despatch was used in conveying him to the Dreadnought hospital-ship, he died before reaching it.

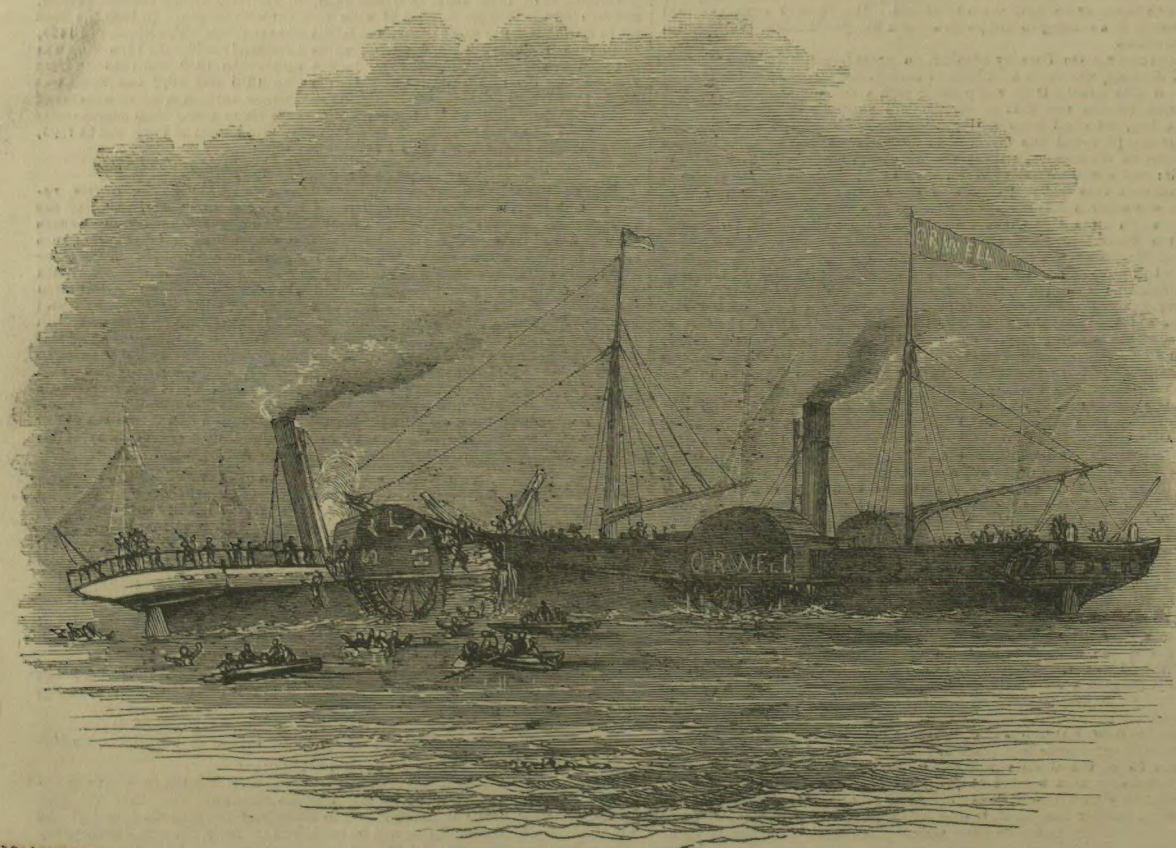
It cannot be ascertained how many persons were on board the Sylph at the time of the accident, but it is almost certain that the two abovementioned are the only sufferers.

As to the cause of the collision, there is but one opinion among those connected with the river. It is on all hands acknowledged to be the result of accident; but then some of the old pilots say, that they would not have ventured to take a vessel in such hazy weather. The Orwell, which at the time of the collision was in the charge of Mr. Wiggins, pilot, received no damage whatever.

The ill-fated vessel the Sylph was only built last spring, and was an iron boat, being built on the newest principle; she was divided into three compartments—the forepart, including the fore-cabin, the engine-house, and afterpart; each of these is completely water-tight, and although one portion may be struck and knocked in, yet the other portions cannot be affected by the water; and from this circumstance alone is to be attributed the saving of some of the passengers; for the instant she filled the stern rose out of the water, and to that part all the passengers on deck rushed, where they clung hold of the seats, sides, &c., until rescued from their perilous situation. The Sylph was of about 50 tons burden, while the Orwell is of 150 tons, having two engines of 40-horse power, and has been under the command of the present captain (who, for skill and attention, bears a very high character) for about three years.

The damage done to the Sylph is very great. She is nearly cut in two just before the paddle-box, the fore part being only held on by the keel. She is a complete wreck, and it will cost a great sum to put her again afloat. Her machinery has received no further injury than what would arise from immersion.

According to another version of the accident, the poor creatures in the water were struggling to keep afloat, and clutched at everything they fancied within reach. Four women who thus floated out of the cabin were secured. One of them had an infant in her arms, and holding the infant, and at the same time grasping the splinters of the wreck in the greatest possible human agony, turned to the people with the most piteous supplication, saying, "For God's sake save me." Her appeal was not made in vain, for she was saved and her child too. In the meanwhile, the crew, who had returned to the Sylph, with the assistance of the crew of the Orwell and the watermen, picked up two or three other females, one of whom was hauled out of the cabin by the steersman; and two children floating on the water were also saved and taken on board the Orwell. Just as the Orwell was coming on board, a woman was sitting on the cabin skylight, and most probably owed her life to one of the crew calling to her "For God's sake to go aft."



COLLISION BETWEEN "THE ORWELL" AND "SYLPH" STEAMERS, OFF GREENWICH.

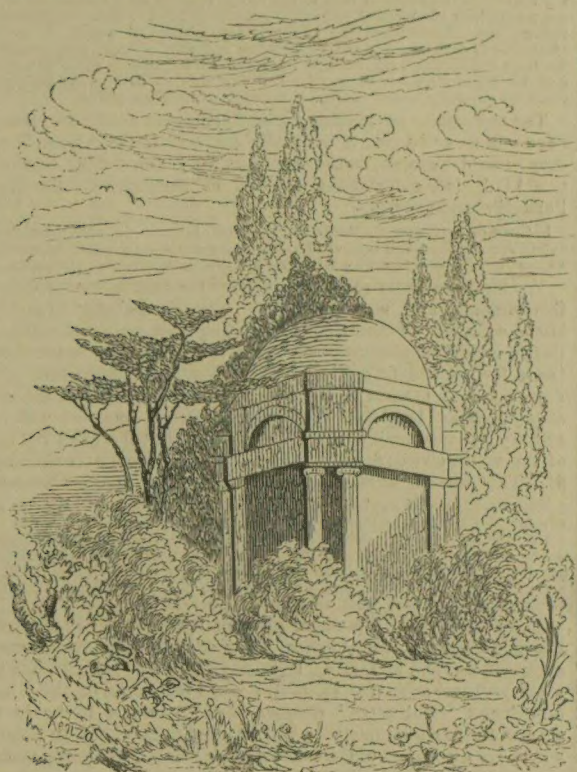


The others were all females. Miss Williams, of Woolwich, Mrs. Kelly, Mrs. Morris, and Mrs. Rennell, were supported to the Golden Anchor public-house, where they fainted on arriving. They were put to bed, and restoratives having been applied, they soon recovered. On board the Dreadnought three females were conveyed, named Maria Green, Rachel Tustin, and Esther Sullivan. They were put to bed, and the two latter left the ship as soon as their clothes were dry. Mrs. Green, up to two hours after the accident had bewailed the loss of her infant, but, to her great joy, it was restored to her in safety. This poor woman received a blow on her face, but she was well enough to quit the Dreadnought on Tuesday night.

On Thursday, Mr. Carlar, the Coroner for Kent, held an inquest on the bodies of the two men whose deaths were caused by the recent collision. Their names were James Sullivan, aged fifty years, and James Sheppard, aged forty-five years. The inquest lasted seven hours, and there were no less than twenty-seven witnesses examined. The facts elicited were similar to those stated in our account of the accident. The evidence principally showed that there was no blame to be attached to the parties connected with either of the steamers. The inquest was adjourned at four o'clock to Monday next, in order that a *post mortem* examination of the bodies might be made, and also that the evidence of some other witnesses might be obtained.

BURNS' MAUSOLEUM.

In the eastern corner of St. Michael's churchyard, at Dumfries, stands a small Doric Temple, known by the name of Burns' Mausoleum, in which the remains of the poet Burns and his two children are interred. They were originally interred in the opposite corner of the churchyard, but in the year 1814, a meeting, consisting of noblemen, gentlemen, clergymen, and some of the principal citizens of Dumfries having been called, it was determined that "a Mausoleum ought to be reared over the grave of Burns." The situation in which the remains of Burns had been interred being rather low and confined in an angle of the churchyard it was found necessary to erect it in the opposite corner.



BURNS' MAUSOLEUM, AT DUMFRIES.

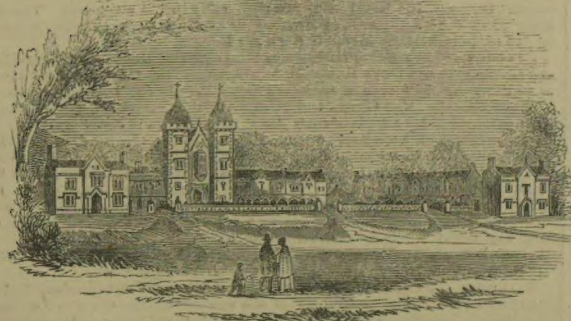
Allan Cunningham, in his "Life of Robert Burns," speaks rather sarcastically of this erection. He says:—"The body of Burns was not, however, to remain long in its place. To suit the plan of a rather showy mausoleum, his remains were removed into a more commodious spot of the same kirk-yard, on the 5th of June, 1815. The coffin was partly dissolved away; but the dark, curling locks of the poet were as glossy, and seemed as fresh, as on the day of his death. In the interior of the structure stands a marble monument, embodying with little skill or grace, that well known passage in the dedication to the Caledonian Hunt:—'The poetic genius of my country found me, as the prophetic bard Elijah did Elisha—at the plough; and threw her inspiring mantle over me.' Nor is the indifferent sculpture redeemed by the inscription. The merits of him who wrote 'Tam O'Shanter,' and 'The Cottar's Saturday Night,' are concealed in Latin. Here, as to a shrine, flock annually vast numbers of pilgrims; many, very many, are from America; not a few from France and Germany; and the list-book contains the names of the most eminent men of England, Scotland, and Ireland."

The architect was Mr. T. F. Hunt, of London.

ALMSHOUSES ON PENGE COMMON.

In our journal of last week, we corrected an error in our description of the goodly prospect from the London and Brighton Railway; the Almshouses there seen having been built for Poor, Aged, Decayed, and Maimed Free Watermen and Lightermen of the river Thames, and their Wives and Widows, and not for the Licensed Victuallers, as we stated.

The Almshouses are pleasantly situated upon Penge Common, on a piece of ground given to the Watermen's Company for the purpose, by Mr. John Dudin Brown, of Sydenham, who has also been a very liberal contributor to the asylum. The houses are intended for the reception of a portion of a large body of men who did great service to their country during the late war; and who have been



ALMS HOUSES FOR FREE WATERMEN AND LIGHTERMEN, PENGE, SURREY.

thrown out of employment by the great changes that have taken place on the river Thames by the introduction of steam navigation, the building of bridges, docks, &c. Upwards of 4000 members of this body served in the Royal Navy, whilst others enrolled themselves in the various corps of River Fencibles, ready to defend their country against any sudden invasion; and, at the present time in case of war, such a number of Free Watermen and Lightermen, as the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty shall have occasion for, are compelled to serve in the Royal Navy.

Another claim which this body has upon the consideration of the public is, that the funds arising from the Sunday ferries, which are exclusively applicable to the relief of the poor aged and decayed Watermen and Lightermen, and their Widows, and on which nearly seven hundred and fifty pensioners are now depending for support, are rapidly diminishing.

The charity is under the patronage of her Majesty the Queen Dowager; and the presidency of Mr. Alderman Lucas.

The almshouses are built in the old English style, from the designs of Mr. George Porter, architect to the Institution; and they are among the best erections of their class in the suburbs.



ELECTION OF RABBI, AT THE SYNAGOGUE, GREAT ST. HELEN'S.

ELECTION OF CHIEF RABBI OF THE JEWS.

An event has just occurred of great importance to the Jewish nation. In the absence of a High Priest, the post of Chief Rabbi of the English Jews is regarded as one of the greatest sacerdotal importance. The religious destinies of the "scattered people" may be influenced, or even consummated by his councils; he is their mediator with Heaven, the shadow of their former priests and kings, and may one day "lead them forth as sheep" to reoccupy the now desolate land of their fathers. His principles are as important as his position. A Christian bias, or even a liberal tendency in favour of a due regard to our "evidences," would expose both himself and his flocks to the displeasure of foreign synagogues, and to the certain abhorrence of the lower and less educated orders. On them, then, and on many other equally important grounds, his election is regarded with feelings of the utmost concern. The Jew can perform no more solemn official acts than in giving his vote for Chief Rabbi. It was not, therefore, without feelings of considerable interest, we went last Saturday to the synagogue of St. Helen's-place, to hear the termination of the contest announced, which ended in the elevation of the Reverend Doctor Nathan Marcus Adler to the supreme authority. A multitude was present. A din of strange sounds saluted our ear, as we visited in succession the little knots

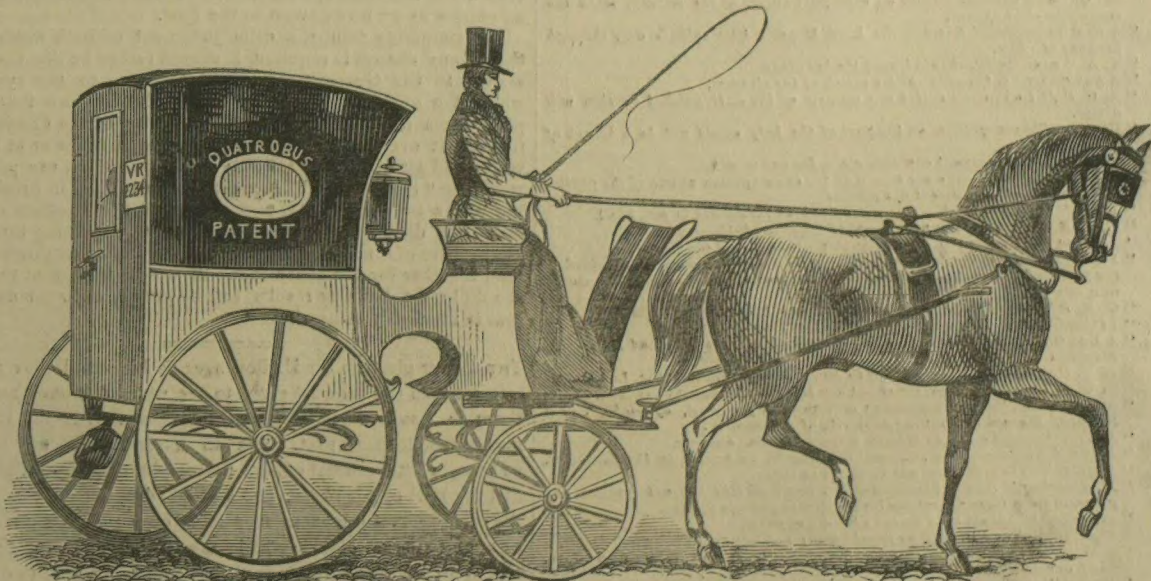
which separate religious interests had brought together. A strong eastern character was stamped on every countenance. Every man was recognised as a foreigner, and felt to be a Jew. The election was over, and the fate of the several parties sealed. Each one would, of course, have had his own man elected; but yet every one spoke of Dr. Adler in terms of kindness. He was said to be a learned man, strongly given to philosophic inquiry, and more deeply affected with the spirituality of religious observances than is usual with the Jews. A revival and a change was therefore looked for, and in that hope we left the company, but not without fear, when, in parting, we learned that the new Rabbi, who lives at Hanover, is under the special patronage of King Ernest.

The synagogue, which is the most beautiful in the metropolis, was well seen on the occasion. Our cut conveys an accurate idea of it.

NEW CAB.

Perhaps a greater change has not taken place in anything which comes under the immediate observation of the public, than in the various metamorphoses the street cabs have undergone during the last few years.

Vehicles of all kinds have been started as candidates for public favour, some of which have survived the ordeal of public opinion, and others condemned to return from whence they came, and from thence to no one knows where, for they



THE NEW PATENT "QUARTOBUS" CAB.

have not been visible since. We have had Broughams, which are now the most numerous; then came the "pill box" cab, which seemed to have been constructed for no other purpose than allowing the "fare" chest the driver with impunity by quietly letting himself out while the unconscious cabman proceeded to his destination vainly anticipating being paid for "the job." This was fatal to the existence of the "pill box," and it was consequently consigned to an early tomb. This was succeeded by "Hanson's Patent Safety," which may be called the aristocratic cab, for no first-rate man on town would think of stepping into any other: they are also great favourites with the public generally, being always first off "the stand." We have since had the "Tribus," which, though compact and handsome, does not possess any great advantages over the Brougham—yet its appearance will always carry the day with the uninitiated. The last improvement which has appeared is that which our engraving represents; it is the invention of Mr. Okey, landlord of the Hero of Waterloo, in the Waterloo-road, who is also the builder and proprietor. It is constructed to carry four inside, and is, consequently, to be called a "Quartibus." Its appearance is very compact and elegant; and to a person seated inside, has an unusually light and pleasing appearance.

The great improvement consists in the front and hind wheels being not more than a foot apart, the draught being consequently much easier than in the old cabs, the wheels of which are nearly five feet asunder.

S P L E N D I D P R E S E N T
FOR THE SUBSCRIBERS
TO
THE ILLUSTRATED
L O N D O N N E W S ,

The PROPRIETORS have great pleasure in announcing that on January 11th, 1845, will be published,
A SUPERB
PANORAMIC PICTURE

OF
THE RIVER THAMES,
UPWARDS OF EIGHT FEET IN LENGTH

Exhibiting, as distinctly as in a map, yet with beautifully picturesque effect, the "Royal towered Thame," its "Forest of Masts," its crowded Docks and Port; its Fleet of Steamers, its Noble Bridges; its busy Wharves and Quays; and the various objects of interest and beauty upon its immediate banks, including—

GREENWICH, AND ITS SUPERB PALACE HOSPITAL;
and showing the windings of the "Silver Thames" through the mighty mass of buildings that form the

METROPOLIS OF THE WORLD:—
Including the Streets, Squares, Terraces, and Crescents; the many hundred Churches, (with their forest of Steeples) Palaces, Columns, Arches, and Noble Mansions; Government Offices and Public Institutions; Club Houses and Theatres; embellished Street Architecture; Factories and Warehouses; Railways, Parks, and Public Walks; in short, a perfect Tableau of the vast extent, Architectural Character, and most recent Improvements of the

BANKS OF THIS NOBLE RIVER;
The entire Prospect being
EIGHT MILES IN LENGTH,
and embracing an Infinity of Objects of Art, Luxury, and High Civilization spread over a
CIRCUIT OF THIRTY MILES.

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250 REFERENCES.
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EMBRACING THE
Situation, Extent, and Population; Geology, Climate, and Social Economy; Historical Account of the Metropolis; and its Rise and Progress, from the British and Roman Period to the present time. With the history of the Thames, its Picturesque and Commercial character; its Pastimes and Holiday Scenes.
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closely printed, and forming altogether

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Published at the Office of "The Illustrated London News," 198, Strand.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

SUNDAY, Dec. 22.—Fourth Sunday in Advent.
MONDAY, 23.—James II fled, 1688.
TUESDAY, 24.—Robin Hood died, 1247.
WEDNESDAY, 25.—Christmas-day; Sir I. Newton born, 1642.
THURSDAY, 26.—St. Stephen.
FRIDAY, 27.—St. John the Evangelist.
SATURDAY, 28.—Innocent.

High Water at London-bridge, for the Week ending Dec. 28.

Monday.		Tuesday.		Wednesday.		Thursday		Friday.		Saturday	
M.	A.	M.	A.	M.	A.	M.	A.	M.	A.	M.	A.
h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.
1 14	1 26	1 46	2 6	2 23	2 42	3 1	3 17	3 34	3 50	4 6	4 23

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"A Continual Subscriber." Limerick.—The accent is on the last syllable.
"Specs."—All letters of introduction should be sealed.
"J. R." Wigton.—Every railway company is bound to run third-class carriages, at 1d. per mile, once per diem.
"Specs." should apply to the magistrate in which he resides.
"J. D." Goring, is recommended to avoid foreign "Distributions."
"E. D. B." Banff, may obtain proper varnish for drawings of any fancy stationer.
"H. K. F. W." Newcastle, is thanked for his sketch; but we have not room.
"W. Q." will, perhaps, favour us with particulars of the schools, when the engraving shall appear.
"A New Subscriber." Shere.—The Lord Mayor's title extends only through his year of office.
"Y. Z." near Derby, should insure the buildings.
"A Subscriber" is thanked for his sketch of the steamer.
"A. O. P." Dublin.—A sketch and memoir of the distinguished Persian will oblige.
"C. C."—The recognition on the part of the lady would not be a breach of etiquette.
"F. N. E."—The servant can only claim for one month.
"J. S." near Bath.—We are nearly of the same opinion as one of the parties to whom our correspondent has applied.
"W. L." near Nantwich.—The letter has been forwarded to Mr. Sholl.
"H. A. B." Calais.—The view is not of sufficient interest.
"Lines on the Landing of Louis Philippe" is long past the time.
"Y." Helston.—Presentations to Christ's Hospital can only be obtained of the persons in whom such privilege is vested; and of whom a list appeared in a late No.
"G. E. P." should write to the publishers, 140, Strand.
"Léocuf."—Certainly.
"A Bad Orthoepist."—Isleworth is pronounced as it is spelt; and Montague, Montagu.
"M. J. B." should address a letter to Mr. Alderman Farebrother, London.
"G. W." Upper Seymour-street.—York Minister was burnt in 1629 and 1840.
"Southampton."—The Archbishop of Canterbury cannot, by right, call a Synod of Bishops without the authority of Parliament.
"J. N. A." should apply to Messrs. Rogers and Co., bankers.
"Bevan." Blomfield-street.—Count D'Orsay is, we believe, on the Continent.
"Alquia."—The sketch did not reach us in time.
"A Subscriber." Bishop Stortford.—Mr. Rowland Hill has not received any gratuity from Government for his admirable postage scheme.
"Methusalem" should read Burns's beautiful poem.
"E. B. B."—The coin is of no great value; but any coin-dealer will decide.
"J. G." White Hart, Exeter.—The Bacchanalian Song will be found in No. 26 of our Journal.
"Youkel." Dublin.—We do not know.
"Capt. Mandy." Yarmouth, is thanked for his communication, for which, however, we have not room.

"Bristol."—We do not answer impertinent questions respecting an illustrious personage.
"E. H. H." Dover.—Under consideration.
"A Constant Reader."—The Indentures are cancelled by the Bankruptcy of a master.
"M. G. L." Lambeth.—Taylor's Short-hand, simplified by Harding.
"W. S." Regent's Park.—We have not room for the account of the Guitarist.
"Prudence" should apply to any Patent Agent.
"P. H." Danvers.—The Almanacs are correct as to Easter Day next year.
"An Annual Subscriber."—Right.
"An Engineer." Plymouth.—Plates of Locomotive Engines are published in the "Artisan," "Civil Engineer," and by Weale, Holborn, and other book-sellers.
"C. B." Windsor.—Too late.
"J. G." Swansea.—Soldiers are only stationed at her Majesty's Theatre.
"A Well-Wisher" is thanked.
"A Junior" should apply to any maker of Accordions.
"Harleygrove."—The money lent under the circumstances stated, would be lost.
"C. J." Bristol: "Z. P. M."—According to canon law, first cousins cannot marry.
THE LARGE PRINT.—In answer to several letters received respecting the Large Print, the writer of each will be entitled to an impression.
ERRATA.—In our account of the Brighton Railway, Sanderstead and Banstead Downs, and Reigate are placed to the left, instead of the right; for Gatton, read Gatton.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.
LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1844.

The quarrel between the Ministry and the Directors of the East India Company, was apparently concluded by the concurrence of both parties in the appointment of Sir H. Hardinge as the successor of Lord Ellenborough; but if forgiven, we doubt if the display of independence on the part of the Directors has been forgotten. The approaching Session will, it is more than probable, prove that it is not. The conduct of the Board will be exposed to a scrutiny that we hope will clear up the mystery that has shrouded the matter ever since it occurred; and the Ministry will, on the other hand, be put on its defence, for so decidedly accusing a body of men generally believed to be rather the reverse of rash or flighty, of "gross indiscretion," in removing a servant whose writings, sayings, and doings, they had reason to think somewhat dangerous. If a restriction of the power of the Directors is not actually attempted, it will at least be canvassed and discussed: this is inevitable. The question will then arise, if a transfer of their authority is made to the Government at once, either by vesting it in the Board of Control, or the Foreign or Colonial Offices, will the affairs of India be better administered, either for this country, or for the interests of the Indian Empire itself? On this point, the Directors will have a strong case, not founded perhaps so much on their own good policy, as from the errors and mismanagement they can point out in the conduct of the Ministers of the Crown in past times, with something of a tendency to the same failings in the present. A great deal is said of the necessity of having all power vested in Ministers duly appointed by, and responsible to, the Crown. There is a good deal in a phrase, and much may be done with its aid till it comes to be examined. The responsibility of Ministers, in modern times, resolves itself, for the most part, into this:—After a tolerably long course of what their own party call successful policy, and their opponents stigmatise as blundering, and when they can no longer command a "working majority," they resign, leaving a legacy of financial and other difficulties to their successors. With a majority, a Minister has no fear of what is called responsibility, and without one, no man will ever be in the position that incurs it. What security has responsibility been against Governments pursuing the most mischievous courses? The responsible Ministers of the Crown were those who, by ignorance and obstinacy, lost the American Colonies. We had a responsible Ministry not many years ago that suffered Canada to break out into open rebellion before it could be driven to proper activity. And, to come down to the present time, have we not had the bitterest complaints from our Colonies of the conduct of Downing-street? At this moment the Governor of New Zealand is said to be deluging the Colony with paper money: the denouncers of the last regulation of the Currency should emigrate immediately. All sorts of things are done in Colonies that are never heard of here, and if they do turn up awkwardly in Parliament, the Minister for the time being has the "office" to fall back on, and by clever special pleading and piles of documents, generally has the best of it; if more than usually hard pressed, he can assert his "responsibility," and farther than this the attack cannot be pressed. The fact is, our Colonies have outgrown the possibility of being governed by one man, and he wholly unacquainted with them, placed at some thousands of miles distance, and tossed in and out at every change of political influence. Our Colonial office is the growth of ages,—in some shape or other is as old as the Corporation of the East India House. That quiet, permanent body of merchants, holding no seals of office, and not mixing in political intrigues as the means of gaining political power, have built up and established an empire that has no equal in the present, and has scarcely had an equal in the past. Their government has produced the ablest statesmen, diplomatists, and generals of the last century: the conqueror of Napoleon himself was formed by his early campaigns in India. Looking at the men that have been chosen by the Colonial office for Colonial Governors, and seeing how often political influence, and nothing else, has procured their nomination, it would be a rash assertion to say that under the same system we should have established as great an empire as we now govern in the East.

On comparing results, a calm judgment on both would decide that if any change is required, it should rather be one that would assimilate the Government of the Colonies to the system by which the affairs of India are managed, than one that should place India under the unchecked authority of the Crown by delivering it over to a "department," with a minister at its head who could give but little security as to his policy, except that he would be "responsible." A great system is long in breaking up, but with a governing head, engaged in all the conflicts of party, at a great distance, and compelled to see every thing through an atmosphere of routine and red-tapeism, our Indian empire would not hold together for one generation. It is well, then, that the public should look a little at results, and be prepared for the discussion that is inevitably at hand.

The dinner given to Sir H. Pottinger at Liverpool, has far more interest than the banquet given to the same distinguished negotiator in London. At the latter there was little but the usual fluent compliments that come so naturally and are forgotten so soon, a little mutual official flattery between Lord Palmerston and the Earl of Aberdeen, and a short address from the guest of the evening that might as fitly have been spoken anywhere else or another occasion, being little more than one of those "neat and appropriate" addresses incumbent on every man to deliver in reply to the personal honour of a toast. But at Liverpool there has been a great improvement on this; the speeches are more

characteristic, and take a wider range; they go beyond the threadbare congratulations of the concord that led two Ministries of opposite politics to agree in pursuing one line of policy in relation to China; and contain some remarks on that great empire and its inhabitants themselves, which contain information or opinions of value and weight. The speech of Sir H. Pottinger, for instance, gives some account of the spirit in which he conducted the negotiations, from which it appears that he acted more as a mediator for adjusting differences between the two parties, than as the agent of England demanding terms and enforcing conditions of peace. He also furnishes some particulars of the Chinese authorities with whom he had to deal, and they give a favourable idea of the Chinese character, at least as it is displayed by the rulers of the people. We have heard much of the craft, cunning, and double-dealing of the Chinese, and among the common mass in ordinary affairs, there is doubtless more than enough of it; an undue love of gain, and an overreaching spirit, are the vices of commerce, and of them the Chinese have not the exclusive possession. But among their negotiators and governors are to be found men of sound and clear views, great knowledge of business, and the power of adapting their policy to altered circumstances, which indicate a high degree of cultivation, though of a different kind from our own. Thus Sir H. Pottinger says of the Chinese High Commissioner, Ke-Ing:—

I believe, there does not exist an individual with more statesmanlike views in any country in the world—a man by feeling conscious of all the amenities of life, and particularly alive to that feeling which actuated and influenced those negotiations and characterised his conduct throughout. I could, if it were admissible in such a society and on such an occasion, relate to you instances of Ke-Ing's conduct as would astonish you; and I trust, that on some future occasion, her Majesty's Government will—if it were only to do him and the Chinese character generally justice—make his despatches and letters public.

The suggestion of making these documents public we strongly hope will be acted on; if faithfully translated, the "Blue Book" they would furnish would be what very few "Blue Books" of this kind are—entertaining as well as instructive. Sir Henry Pottinger again says:—

If those despatches and letters were published, it would not only astonish you, but all the world, to find such sentiments as they contain, expressed by one whom we have been in the habit of considering a self-secluded Chinese Mandarin.

We have evidently rather underrated the talents of the Chinese Government, and we only require more knowledge to arrive at juster opinions of them. But, leaving this personal topic, Sir Henry Pottinger alludes to the treaty itself, which he again repeats (as if for the benefit of the wilfully ignorant conductors of the French press), secures to all the nations of the world the same advantages as England. It is no exclusive compact with this country; it was made by England, indeed, but it was in the name of the whole civilised world, and not for her own exclusive benefit. This was an advantage quickly perceived by the Chinese:—

The moment that I explained to the High Commissioner, Ke-Ing, the great advantages which must follow from such a provision in the treaty which I had the honour of conducting—advantages to China and to all other nations affected by it—he immediately concurred in my views and co-operated with my exertions, and did me the honour of requesting that, in case of any unforeseen difficulty arising in future, between China and those other European nations, I might act as the mediator between them, as the representative of England.

The advice Sir H. Pottinger gives of the necessity in our future intercourse with the Chinese, of conciliating the lower classes among them, and refraining from anything like interference with their political affairs, is valuable; and his opinion of the "incredible" and "unlimited" demand there is likely to be in that empire for our manufactures will be most satisfactory to those on whom the assertions of the market there being already overstocked, may have made some impression. Lord Stanley enlarged more freely on the questions involved in the proceedings than his colleague, the Earl of Aberdeen, on the occasion before alluded to. He enforced the necessity of the strictest observance of honour and good faith in all our transactions with the Chinese, and gave the following testimony, decisive from a Ministry, and referring no doubt to the punctual payment of the instalments of the ransom.

We have heard the Chinese spoken of as a tricky and over-reaching people, and that there may be such persons amongst them, particularly amongst the inferior dealers, I have no doubt; but I do not believe that such is the general character of the Chinese nation. On the contrary, so far as our later experience has gone, it has led me to believe that there is no nation which more highly values public faith in others than the Chinese; and, up to the present moment, I must say that there never was a government or a nation which more strictly and literally fulfilled the engagements into which it has entered.

He concluded by an impressive warning, that the Government, by arms and negotiations, had done its part, and that the issue was now intrusted to the merchants of England; and to them it may safely be left. It is a great credit to the men of Liverpool that they should have given so high a tone and so interesting a character to the proceedings of their complimentary dinner to Sir H. Pottinger. What was London about that its banquet was so commonplace in comparison with it?

THE COURT AND HAUT TON.

On Saturday last the Queen and Prince Albert came to town to see the cattle show. Her Majesty and the Prince returned to Windsor to dinner.

WINDSOR, Sunday.—This morning the Queen and Prince Albert, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, the Duke Ernest of Wurtemberg, the ladies and gentlemen of the Court, and the domestic household, attended divine service in the private chapel of the Castle. The Hon. and Rev. Charles Leslie Courtenay officiated.

MONDAY.—Their Royal Highnesses Prince Albert, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, and the Duke Ernest of Wurtemberg, attended by the Earl of Hardwicke, Lord Charles Wellesley, Mr. G. E. Anson, and Baron de Wangelheim, left the Castle on horseback this morning to shoot in the neighbourhood of Cumberland Lodge. The Royal party returned early in the afternoon. The Queen, attended by the Marchioness of Douro, rode out in a pony phaeton at noon, attended on horseback by Major-General Sir Edward Bowater.

TUESDAY.—Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, and the Duke Ernest of Wurtemberg, left the Castle this morning, at a quarter before eleven o'clock, via Great Western and Dover Railways, en route to Ostend. The Queen and Prince Albert came to the door of the principal entrance to take leave of their Royal relatives. His Royal Highness Prince Albert rode out on horseback, attended by Major-General Sir Edward Bowater. The Countess of Charlemont has succeeded the Marchioness of Douro as the Lady in Waiting on the Queen. Viscount Hawarden has succeeded the Earl of Hardwicke as the Lord in Waiting on her Majesty; and Admiral Sir Robert Otway has succeeded Colonel Berkeley Drummond as the Groom in Waiting.

WEDNESDAY.—The unfavourable state of the weather prevented the Queen and the Royal family from leaving the Castle to-day. His Royal Highness Prince Albert rode out on horseback in the morning, attended by Major-General Sir Edward Bowater.

WINDSOR, THURSDAY EVENING.—(From our own Correspondent.)—In consequence of the unfavourable state of the weather during the whole of the day, her Majesty has been prevented from taking her usual airing. The infant Royal Family have also, from the same cause, been confined within the Royal residence. His Royal Highness Prince Albert, attended by Major General Sir Edward Bowater, took equestrian exercise in the New Riding-school. In consequence of her Majesty being slightly indisposed yesterday evening, the military band and her Majesty's private band were countermanded. Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, attended by Lady Fanny Howard and the Countess of Wratishaw, had the honour of dining at the Castle this evening.

DEATH OF LADY ANNE SMITH.—Lady Anne Culling Smith, daughter of the Earl of Mornington, died at Hampton Court Palace on Monday. This highly respected lady was sister of the late Marquis Wellesley, of the present Earl of Mornington, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Cowley, and of the Hon. and Rev. Dr. Wellesley.

LEAMINGTON SPA, Dec. 16.—Among the latest arrivals are Lord and Lady Montagu, the Baron Philipp Waldenoff, Sir George and Lady Scovell, the Countess Alexander Dembinska, and the Duke of Sutherland's family. The second subscription-ball of the season, which took place at the Upper Assembly Rooms on Wednesday last, was attended by a most numerous and brilliant company; among whom were the patron and patroness of the evening, Lady Georgiana Cathcart and R. Earl, Esq., Lord and Lady Somerville, Hon. Col. Cathcart, Lady Duberly, the Hon. J. Creighton, the Hon. Miss Yelverton, Col. Gooch, &c. THE LATE PRINCESS SOPHIA.—A stone has just been affixed to the entrance to the catacomb containing the remains of her late Royal Highness the Princess Sophia of Gloucester, bearing the following inscription, "Princess Sophia Matilda, 1844."

THE LATE EARL OF LIMERICK.—The remains of the late Earl of Limerick lay in state on Sunday last, at South-hill Park. The hall and two of the principal apartments were prepared for this solemn occasion, and ingress was freely given to all who presented themselves between the hours of two and four o'clock. At ten o'clock on Tuesday morning the mournful cavalcade left South-hill Park for Ireland.

CHURCH, UNIVERSITIES, &c.

The Archbishop of York has presented the Rev. Stephen Creyke, M.A., his Grace's examining chaplain, to the valuable rectory of Beccford, Yorkshire, vacant by the death of the Rev. William Tiffin, Rural Dean.

CAMBRIDGE, Dec. 14.—The Crosse Scholarship has just been adjudged to Mr. Jones, of Jesus College.

There will be congregations on the following days of the ensuing Lent term:—Saturday, Jan. 19 (B.A. commencement), at ten; Wednesday, Jan. 22, at eleven; Wednesday, Feb. 5, at eleven (Ash Wednesday); Wednesday, Feb. 19, at eleven; Friday, March 7 (M.A. Inceptors), at ten; Friday, March 14 (end of term), at ten.

OXFORD, Dec. 15.—Wm. H. Lucas, of Merton College; Edward H. Plumptre, scholar of University College; and George F. Bowen, scholar of Trinity College, have been elected fellows of Brasenose College. The unsuccessful candidates were twelve.

The parish of St. Martin, Exeter, assembled in the vestry on Saturday last, and resolved, "That any innovation or change in the service of our church appears to us to be uncalled for."

OXFORD, Dec. 17.—In a Convocation held this day, the Rev. Richard Croly, M.A., of Trinity College, Dublin, was admitted *ad eundem*. In a Congregation held at the same time, the following degrees were conferred:—Bachelors in Divinity: The Rev. William Thompson, Principal of St. Edmund Hall; the Rev. John Hill, Vice-Principal of St. Edmund Hall; the Rev. James Alexander Emerson, Magdalen Hall; the Rev. John Fisher, Fellow of Magdalen College. Masters of Arts: Edward Warner, Wadham Grand Compounder; Rev. Charles John Smith, Christ Church; Rev. Anthony Hart Smith, St. Edmund Hall. Bachelors of Arts: Clement Moody, Magdalen Hall; James Gordon, St. Mary Hall; William Grassett Clarke, Oriel; Robert Ogle, Brasenose; George Scaife, Lincoln. Yesterday Mr. Cadwallader Coker, from St. Mary Winton, was admitted an actual Fellow of New College, being of kin to the founder.

HEARN-HILL CHURCH.—The consecration of this beautiful structure will take place this day.

NATIONAL SPORTS.

"An unaccustomed spirit"

Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts."—SHAKESPEARE.

All hail to the "southerly wind" which has blown us, once more, open weather! Being Metropolitans, we cannot be expected to offer an equally cordial greeting to the "cloudy sky." The hounds are again up and at it; the cover rings with the music of the tin tube, more tuneable than all the silver Saxhorns that ever were inflated, and hunters on two legs and on four "are lifted above the ground with cheerful thoughts." O, youth of spirit! thou hast been afield? If not, we conjure thee by the shade of Diana to cultivate a day with the Quorn. Even ask thy governor's permission: unless his heart be colder than congealed he won't refuse. The thing's as "easy as lying"—four hours by rail, and there you are up to the eyes in the cream of Leicestershire! The preparation is quite as simple, remember simple, that's the English for gentlemen. Anything "spicy" in cattle or costume is wilful murder on propriety. Anderson should furnish you animals—he has always a select assortment fit to go at a moment's notice at that jewel of a box of his, Old Oak Farm. We need not add another word about your stud. Then the personal turn out. Of course, you will case in complete pink—it's as old as Henry the (—?) and very becoming to boot. *Appropos des bottes* don't patronize the pack; let them be orthodox tops, well got up, though not to the extent of liquid constructed of champagne and apricot jam. The most important article of your toilet, however, will be the "ineffables"—of these, the secret is that the supply be unlimited; order your buckskin bolder, in short, in the words of the immortal Brummel, to "keep everlastingly sending leather breeches." Thus, in a short nap beaver, that has seen some service, spurs, not too long in the neck, but still spurs, which are the rudders of unruly steeds, and a Malacca crop, with a lash you may go forth to a meet at Barkby or Widmerpool like a finished gentleman from top to toe.

The fairer of Melton, as the metropolis of the chase, is known to every man with a soul above buttons—no scandal meant as regards tailors. Though it boasts not so remote an origin as some of its contemporaries, the Quorn Hunt is no *parvenu*. It was founded towards the middle of the last century, by that Nestor of Sportsmen Hugo Meynell, and has since enjoyed the patronage of a series of hunting sages. In 1800, Mr. Meynell sold his hounds and horses to the late Lord Sefton, who carried on a princely career at Melton. Then came Thomas Ashton Smith—Tom Smith, No. 1—and he wasn't the brood of a boy in the field, then is Captain Barclay a milkop. Lord Foley succeeded Tom, and then came the squire—that Critchton of British Sportsmen—George Osbaldeston. To this day Leicestershire had reached its zenith; its hounds could fly, and so could its horses—and as for its riders, they were the sort to get across a country—men that when they came to a *felo de se* place, used to send their hearts over first, and then follow them. After Mr. Osbaldeston Lord Southampton took the country—then the lamented Sir Harry Goodricke—then Mr. Rowland Errington—Lord Suffolk—Mr. Thomas Hodgson, and last, not least, Mr. Greene, of Rolleston, who has earned as well merited a popularity as ever was bestowed upon any Master of the Quorn. As Leicestershire is a railway station, and a most convenient place as a residence for those who desire to hunt with this distinguished pack, the following meets are given, with their distance from that town.

MEETS OF THE QUORN HOUNDS.

Distances from Leicester.	Distances from Leicester.	Distances from Leicester.
Miles.	Miles.	Miles.
Kerecroft .. 4	Roccliff House .. 5½	Keythorpe .. 12
Wistone .. 4	Bunny Park .. 17	Stanton Wyville .. 10
Oadby Toll-bar .. 3	Widmerpool .. 16	Gumley .. 12
Barby Hall .. 4½	Six Hills .. 11½	Shearsby .. 9
Bradgate Park .. 5½	Wartnaby Stone Pits .. 15½	Wimeswold .. 13½
Rathby Burrows .. 5½	Bean Manor .. 9½	Great Oadby .. 13
Enderby .. 5	Kirby Gate .. 12½	Quenby .. 8½
Houghton-on-the-Hill .. 5	Kirbygate Gate .. 9	Sillesdon .. 9
Ingarby .. 6	Bardon Hall .. 9½	Shankton Holt .. 9
Kilby-bridge .. 6	Loesby .. 9	John O'Gaunt .. 9
Steward's Hay .. 6	Rolleston .. 10	Holwell .. 19

TATTERSALL'S.—MONDAY.

The Derby betting was more animated than usual, leading to various fluctuations, and holding out no slight encouragement to the round betters. The most decided favourites were Idas, Pam, Calypso's dam, Old England, and the Rebecca colt, the odds respectively averaging 18 to 1, 22 to 1, 33 to 1, 23 to 1, and 35 to 1, all taken with avidity except the latter. The Cobweb colt, Anti Repeater, and Young Eclipse were on the totter. The other favourites maintained the previous quotations. The question in regard to the qualification of Iron Master is before the stewards, and will be decided after Christmas. Mr. Crookford's account was proceeded with to a considerable extent, and on the surface all was remarkably placid, but we hear that two or three are contumacious and that the power of the Jockey Club is very likely to be tested.

40 to 1 agst Morpeth (t)	50 to 1 agst Faugh-a-Ballagh (t)	50 to 1 agst Aristides (t)
40 to 1 — Rowena (t)		66 to 1 — Orlando (t)

DEBUT.

18 to 1 agst Idas and Anti-Repeater (t)	25 to 1 agst Anti-Repeater (t)	35 to 1 agst Laird o' Cockpen
11 to 1 — Alarm	25 to 1 — Young Eclipse	35 to 1 — Rebecca colt (t)
13 to 1 — Idas (t)	33 to 1 — Colt out of Calypso's dam (t)	40 to 1 — Pantasia (t)
18 to 1 — Cobweb colt	33 to 1 — Old England (t)	66 to 1 — Cabin Boy (t)
18 to 1 — Kedgey		66 to 1 — Clear the Way
22 to 1 — Pam (t)		100 to 1 — Fuxbos

OAKS.

5 to 1 agst Lancashire Witch.

THURSDAY.—A very thin muster, and so little done, that anything in the shape of comment on the few bets made in the course of the afternoon would be superfluous.

50 to 1 agst Pagan (t)	50 to 1 agst Aristides (t)
50 to 1 — Rowena (t)	50 to 1 — Coranna (t)

DEBUT.

17 to 1 agst Idas	33 to 1 agst Old England (t)	40 to 1 agst Fitz Allen
20 to 1 — Pam	35 to 1 — Laird o' Cock	50 to 1 — Cabin Boy
30 to 1 — Calypso's dam		

1500 even betting between Anti-Repeater and the colt out of Calypso's dam; and 2000 to 60 agst Iron Master, with a qualification.

BOAT RACE BETWEEN CLASPER AND COOMBS, AT NEWCASTLE.—This long-expected match between the champions of the north and south waters came off on Wednesday; the distance being from Tyne-bridge to Lemington Point, for £180—Coombs staking £100 to Clasper's £80. At the appointed signal they started, Coombs gradually drawing ahead; when off Skinner Burn, Clasper unfortunately ran into a keel—an accident which his opponent did not take advantage of as he might have done, but kept leading him by about five or six boats' length; when, however, he had got this distance, he ceased to exert himself as powerfully as he had done, apparently reserving his strength for any push which Clasper might make. At this time £40 to £10 was offered upon Coombs, and accepted. At the Curds and Cream House Clasper made a desperate effort, and decreased the distance between them to about 80 yards, and that space apart, they rowed beautifully evenly to the winning-point, neither of them gaining or losing scarcely an inch in the whole distance, which was done in 34½ minutes. The race was good throughout, and has added to the fame of both the men. A dispute took place in consequence of an alleged infringement of the articles of agreement, and the matter was submitted to referees, who have not yet given their decision.

THE LATE RAILWAY ACCIDENT NEAR NOTTINGHAM.—We are glad to hear that Mr. Roberts is considered to be out of danger. Mr. Neap, of Retford, who was dangerously injured, is doing well. He has received 20 guineas as compensation. James Howitt is still at the hospital, but going on well. The other sufferers are progressing slowly. Mrs. Bolestridge is extremely ill from mental suffering and anxiety, caused by her husband's injuries, and her subsequent bereavement.

ASSIZE INTELLIGENCE.

ATROCIOUS MURDER BY A WOMAN AT BURY ST. EDMUND'S.—*Mary Sherring*, aged 51, was tried for the murder of John Sherring, by arsenic, on the 30th of July last. From the evidence adduced in the progress of this painful case, it appeared that the prisoner resided at the village of Marleham, near Woodbridge, Suffolk, with her husband, an honest, hardworking labourer, their family consisting of a daughter, Elizabeth, aged 14, and two boys, respectively 10 and 8 years; besides these children, however, this couple had two other daughters, Matilda, who lived out at service in the neighbourhood, and Caroline, who was also in service at Lowestoft. This latter girl had, about three years ago, given birth to an illegitimate boy, who had been thrown on her parents for support and protection. After that unfortunate occurrence, his mother again had another son, whose untimely death was the subject of the present inquiry. He also, together with his frail mother, became an inmate of the prisoner's room about three weeks after Whit-tide, he being then only four or five weeks old. Soon after the deceased and his mother came home, the prisoner was frequently heard to complain of their situation, and of the fact that no allowance had been made to her by the father of John. In the course of a conversation with Mrs. Brett, a neighbour, she said one day, about a fortnight before the death of the child, that "if no allowance was made something must be done; if they set no assistance to the union-house they must all go," appearing, at the same time, to be in great distress of mind. In about a week afterwards, at a time when the deceased was in perfect health, she went to the village coffin-maker, and said that "John Sherring was very bad, and that there would soon be a job for a coffin;" and on the evening of Tuesday, the 30th of July, about 8 o'clock, she went hurriedly to Mrs. Brett, requesting her presence and aid, as her daughter Caroline was at Woodbridge, and "her child was overwhelmed with sickness." On going into the cottage Mrs. Brett found the poor thing lying on Elizabeth Sherring's lap, retching and straining violently, his eyes ready to start from their sockets, and his mouth covered with foam. In the absence of anything else, the neighbour suggested an emetic, but the prisoner said, "No, that will do him no good; he will not be here many hours." "Dear me," said Mrs. Brett, "why, what have you been giving him?" When the prisoner answered, "nothing but pap." No doctor was sent for, and in the night the sufferer died. Although no indecent haste was observed in the funeral, rumour soon began to busy herself about the cause of the death, and one day the prisoner went angrily to Mrs. Brett, and accusing her of talking about the child, threatened to "make her jump for it" if she repeated her scandal. In spite of this, however, the neighbours still talked, and it being about that time ascertained that the prisoner had bought some arsenic a fortnight before the death, "to poison rats," as she said (when she had received a solemn caution as to its use and danger), it was determined by the authorities that the body should be exhumed, and subjected to chemical analysis, when the presence of arsenic was detected. The prisoner was taken into custody. The evidence proved, among other things, that she had actually registered the death of her grandson long before he died, and just at the time she bought the arsenic, and had assigned to the registrar the very causes of death, viz., "convulsions and retchings," which did afterwards mark his exit from life. When called on for her defence, she varied her previous statement as to the disposition of the arsenic, and endeavoured to screen herself at the expense of her daughters, Elizabeth and Matilda, one of whom she said had found, or shown to her in a drawer the paper in which she had originally put away the arsenic in a shed, while she insinuated that she had on one occasion missed about one-third part of the poison soon after she had bought it. The jury found her guilty, and Mr. Justice Williams sentenced her to be hanged.

SENTENCE OF DEATH FOR MURDER.—At the Liverpool Assizes, *George Evans*, a young man aged twenty, was tried before Mr. Baron Gurney, on a charge of the wilful murder of Jane Millen, at Manchester, on the 14th of August last. He was charged with doing it, in the first count, by inflicting a wound on the forehead with an iron bar; in the second, by a blow on the back of the head; in the third, by strangulation; and in the fourth, by both means—those of strangulation and the blows. The jury found him "Guilty," and the Judge sentenced him to death, without hope of mercy. The report adds, "the prisoner bowed respectfully to the Bench, and walked steadily from the dock."

THE ACCIDENT ON THE MIDLAND COUNTIES RAILWAY.—*ACQUITTAL OF MR. LIGHTFOOT AND MR. RAVEN.*—At Nottingham, on Monday, *Robert Lightfoot*, station-master at Nottingham, was arraigned on the coroner's inquisition for the manslaughter of John Dean. The prisoner, in a firm and distinct voice, pleaded not guilty. *Robert Lightfoot*, and *Jonathan Raven*, station-master at Beeston, were then arraigned on the coroner's inquisition for manslaughter, the former as causing the death of James Bolestridge, the latter as being present, aiding and assisting therein. Mr. Wildman, on the part of the prosecution, stated that as the Grand Jury had thrown out the bill, it was not usual, unless there were some peculiarities about a case, to proceed with the same inquiry. Certainly he (Mr. Wildman) did not find any circumstances in the present case that would justify him in departing from the usual course. He (the learned counsel), on looking at the evidence, could not but feel in that case, although the prisoner Lightfoot might have been guilty of an error of judgment, still it was an error of judgment in which his own life was as much risked as that of any other person, for it appeared that so far from wishing to neglect his duty, he left the place where he might have continued, and exposed his own person in order to prevent the possibility of a disaster occurring, which it was no part of his duty to prevent. As no evidence was offered in support of the coroner's inquisition, the jury of course returned a verdict of acquittal. Mr. Justice Patterson said, "I am very glad this inquiry has taken place. I am quite sure what the learned counsel for the prosecution has stated is correct, and, judging from the circumstances that have actually occurred, looking at everything that has taken place, it is impossible to say there was anything greater than an error in judgment; certainly there is no ground for saying there was that culpable and gross negligence which would authorise a conviction for manslaughter. I cannot pretend to say there was not an error of judgment on your part, but it is clear everything that was done by you was done to prevent the mischief taking place which did occur, owing probably to a misunderstanding between you and another person. As I understand, it was no part of your duty to have left the Nottingham station at all. That was an error in the first instance; and the second error, if there was any, seems to be this, that, although feeling persuaded, and as far as I can judge with very good reason, that the train coming from Nottingham would come on its proper line, and that that line would be free, still you did not wait to make it quite certain at the Beeston station—it would have been better to have waited, as it appears the train coming from Nottingham, whichever line it came on, was overdue at Beeston station, therefore it would have been better had you waited a few minutes; but to say because a man certainly erred in judgment in a situation of great difficulty, he is guilty of manslaughter when death occurs, is not correct." Mr. Lightfoot then stepped from the dock, and immediately left the court.

MURDER OF A WOMAN AT SALFORD.—At Liverpool on Monday *Thomas Slew* was tried by Mr. Baron Gurney for the murder of Alice Nolan, at Salford. The facts of the case are these:—The deceased worked at a flax mill in Salford, and about ten o'clock on the night of Sunday, the 7th of July, she was seen to put her hand to her throat in Brig-street, in that town, apparently in great pain, and on reaching Harrington-street she fell. On examination it was found that her throat had been cut almost from ear to ear. In order to show that the prisoner was connected with the transaction, it appeared that the deceased and himself had been acquainted with each other for some time; that he kept her company with the view of marrying her, and that he had applied to her to know whether she would become his wife. On Sunday, the 7th of July, they passed the whole day together, and about six o'clock on that evening they went to the house of a Mrs. Sarah Shepherd, in Cook-street, Salford, where some few words, not of an amicable nature, passed between them. Presently, however, they made up their differences, and were as good friends as ever; and then the prisoner rushed out, and borrowed a razor and shaving-brush at the house of a neighbour named Hugh Broadhurst, with the intention, as he said, of shaving himself. He then returned to Shepherd's, and about nine o'clock the same night deceased and himself left together, and after that time the young woman was never seen alive by her friends. What became of them from nine to ten o'clock was not exactly known, but about ten a man and a woman were seen at the corner of a street, and one main inquiry in the case appeared to be whether the persons then standing together were the prisoner and the deceased. There was no doubt that the female was the deceased, and the description of the man exactly answered that of the prisoner. The conversation that passed between them was partly overheard. The man called her by the name of Alice, and she addressed him by the name of Tom, and those were the usual terms of familiarity with which they called each other. The subject of conversation had reference to their marriage. She said she would not marry him for six months at least, and this answer appeared to have disappointed the prisoner. Very shortly after, the deceased was seen to put her hand to her throat and to fall in the street, and at the same moment the prisoner was observed to run in the direction of Shepherd's house. About ten minutes after ten o'clock, he passed up Shepherd's entry, singing and dancing, "Jim along Joe," and then rushed into Shepherd's house, crying out, "Here goes it—here I'll die." Immediately after he said this he made a sort of a stumble forwards, and inflicted a deadly wound on his throat with the razor he had borrowed from Broadhurst. The wound, though not fatal, was nevertheless a very dangerous one, and it was only lately that he had recovered from the effects.—The jury convicted the prisoner, and Mr. Baron Gurney passed sentence of death upon him.—Towards the close of his lordship's address the unhappy man sank back, apparently partially insensible, in the arms of the turnkeys. At the close of the sentence he seemed to wake, as it were, from a dream, and clinging to the front of the dock endeavoured to address the court, but a few hoarse unintelligible whispers were all that could be heard, his tongue refused its office, and he was led half fainting from the dock.

MURDER OF A POLICE CONSTABLE AT BURY ST. EDMUND'S.—On Saturday last, *William Howell*, 29, *Walter Howell*, 21, and *Israel Shirley*, 38, labourers, living at Mutford, were tried for having, on the 30th of July last, feloniously and maliciously murdered James M'Fadden, a police constable, by shooting him with a gun. It will be recollected that the murder of M'Fadden took place under circumstances connected with a robbery of a barn, in the parish of Gillingham. M'Fadden being set to watch the premises was shot by one of the parties engaged in the plunder. The examination of witnesses occupied the whole of Saturday, and the trial was brought to a close until one o'clock on Monday, when a verdict of Guilty was pronounced against the three prisoners. The Judge (Mr. Justice Williams) then, in the most solemn manner, proceeded to pass the sentence of death upon all the prisoners. As the prisoners were about to be removed, *Walter Howell* exclaimed "So you think, my lord, you have done justice: all the witnesses are perjured."

THE MURDER OF SIR THOMAS BOUGHEY'S GAMEKEEPER.—At the assizes at Stafford on Monday, two young men named Paul Downing and Charles Powys, were tried for the wilful murder of Mr. William Cooper, head gam-

keeper to Sir Thomas Boughey, at Audley, Staffordshire, in the month of August last. The case was one of the usual kind connected with poaching. It was stated that the neighbourhood was infested with poachers, and the prisoners had before been convicted of that offence. But as far as the murder was concerned, the testimony was entirely circumstantial. After a very long trial, and after the jury had retired for some time, the foreman said—"As far as circumstantial evidence enables us to find the prisoners guilty."—The Judge: You must say guilty. We believe that they are guilty or not guilty.—Foreman: We find them guilty. Mr. Huddleston: I submit, my lord, that the jury must decide on which count they find their verdict.—Mr. Yardley shortly argued contra.—Mr. Huddleston: You will take a note of my objection, my lord.—The Judge: I have done so.—Mr. Bellamy again put the question to the jury, and they returned a verdict of "Guilty," with a strong recommendation to mercy.—Mr. Justice Colman then passed sentence of death upon the prisoners, telling them that he would forward the recommendation of the jury to her Majesty's Ministers.—Downing, with an oath, protested his innocence, and was removed from the bar uttering the most dreadful imprecations against the judge and jury.

CONVICTION FOR INCENDIARISM.—At the Exeter Assizes on Tuesday, *John Bende*, a miserably clad and lame man, was charged with having, on the night of the 27th of September last, set fire to a rick of oats, the property of John Ladd. It was proved that Mr. Ladd was a farmer, residing at West Buckland, Devonshire, where the prisoner existed as a pauper. Two or three days before the fire, the prisoner was met by a witness, who asked him if he was going home. [The witness stated that at this time the prisoner was living in a livery or cowshed, but had before been in the union.] The prisoner replied that he was, on which the witness said that he ought to go into the union. Prisoner answered that he would never go into the union again, but he would do something before Sunday that would prevent that. He had no animosity, he added, against any one in the parish except the prosecutor, and he hated him because he had used him so badly when they lived together at Mrs. Dean's. He then went on to say that before Sunday he would burn down his house or his barn. On the evening of the fire it was proved that the prisoner had bought a box of lucifer matches. The prisoner, by another witness, was seen near about the time that the fire took place, within a quarter of a mile of the spot on which the rick stood. On the same evening, another witness stated that he saw the prisoner, who told him that he set fire to Mr. Ladd's rick. The jury immediately returned a verdict of Guilty, and Mr. Baron Alderson sentenced him to be transported for life.

CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT.

THE FORGED TRANSFER AT THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

William Burgess, the Bank clerk, accused of uttering two forged transfers for £8300 Three per Cent. Consols, was tried on Thursday at the Central Criminal Court, by Mr. Baron Rufe. The prisoner was described in the calendar as 33 years of age, and the indictment charged him with feloniously aiding and assisting a person unknown to pervert an owner of a certain share of and in a public stock value £8300, with intent to defraud William Osenford thereof.

The Hon. J. S. Worsley, Q.C., Mr. Adolphus, and Mr. Clarkson appeared as counsel for the prosecution.

Mr. Bodkin and Mr. Charnock defended the prisoner. The evidence in support of the case was given at great length, but all the material facts have been so recently published, that it would be useless repetition to report the trial at length.

The jury found the prisoner "Guilty," and he was sentenced to transportation for life.

[The following appeared only in our late edition of last week:—]

ROYAL VISIT TO THE SMITHFIELD CLUB CATTLE SHOW.—This day (Saturday) Her Majesty and His Royal Highness Prince Albert visited the cattle show. Her Majesty arrived at the show-yard as early as ten o'clock in the morning, and was accompanied in one of the Royal carriages by three of the Ladies in Waiting. Prince Albert was accompanied by General Wemyss, Colonel Bowater, and the Marquis of Exeter, in another carriage. The Royal party were received by the President and Vice-President—Earl Spencer and the Duke of Richmond—the Secretary, Mr. Brandreth Gibbs, and some other members of the society. Mr. Gibbs having presented her Majesty with lists of the exhibition, the party proceeded through the yard, and inspected the stock, paying particular attention to those which obtained the prizes. Prince Albert's Angus Polled Ox attracted considerably the attention of the Royal party. Her Majesty next inspected the prize sheep and viewed the agricultural implements. At eleven o'clock her Majesty and suite retired, much pleased with the exhibition.

ANOTHER STEAM-BOILER EXPLOSION.—We regret to learn that a steam-boiler explosion occurred on Monday, at Messrs. Lloyd and Foster's colliery, near Wednesbury, by which the engineer was killed.

THE EXPLOSION ON THE DOVER RAILWAY.—This unfortunate occurrence has attracted the serious attention of the officers and directors belonging to the line, as well as of the other metropolitan railway officials, several of whom inspected the spot yesterday for the purpose of collecting information, for it has not previously occurred that the boiler of a locomotive, while running, has exploded. On further search being made by Mr. Cubitt (the engineer of the line), Mr. George, and other gentlemen, it was discovered that the safety valve was hard down, from which it was inferred that the explosion arose solely from the circumstance of the engine-driver having neglected to open it. The steam then, having no means of escape, had caused the casing to collapse, and the explosion that followed. The engine was quite new, and had only been shipped on to the line a few days since from Liverpool. The inquiry was expected to have taken place yesterday, but it being doubtful whether the body was lying in Mr. Payne's district or that of Mr. Carter, some time was lost before information was sent to the right corner, and the warrant for impounding the jury has not been received. The body of the engine-driver, which lies at the Bricklayers' Arms station, is that of a fine young man upwards of six feet in height, and from the appearances it is probable that death was instantaneous. The neck was broken, and also the left arm where the wagon wheel passed over. The damage done to the viaduct, engine, tender, and waggon, was roughly estimated at £5000. The stoker, Aaron Wilkinson, died last night. During the time that the men were employed in removing the waggon off the line, another accident occurred, which nearly cost an excavator his life. He, with several other men, were clearing the line, when a wagon slipped from the top of another one, and to save himself he ran forward and fell through one of the holes to the bottom of the viaduct. When picked up he was insensible.—An inquest was held yesterday at the Bricklayers' Arms station of the Dover Railway upon the body of Robert Buckley, the engine-driver, who was killed on the Dover Railway under the circumstances mentioned in another part of our paper. The evidence given did not throw any light on the cause of the accident; but one of the witnesses, in answer to a question whether he believed it arose from carelessness, said he continually had to check the men for allowing too much pressure of steam, in order to gain time. No fact of interest was elicited in addition to those which we supply elsewhere; and, in the absence of testimony to show how the accident had arisen, the jury returned a verdict to the effect that Buckley's death was caused by the explosion of a locomotive, but that there was no evidence as to the cause of the explosion.

THE ACCIDENT ON THE MIDLAND COUNTIES RAILWAY.—A coroner's inquest has been held on the body of Mr. Bolestridge. The evidence was very similar to that adduced in the other cases, and the jury returned a verdict "That James Bolestridge died in consequence of injuries received in a collision of two trains on the Midland Railway, on the 21st of November last, and that Robert Lightfoot and Jonathan Raven (the Beeston station-master) are guilty of manslaughter, by causing the death of the said James Bolestridge." The coroner immediately issued a warrant for the apprehension of Raven, who was then at Leicester. The jury were more than five hours in consultation.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE.—This morning, between one and two o'clock, a fire broke out in a carpenter's shop, belonging to a Mr. Wardle, in Chapel place, Westminster. The numerous brigade engines were soon on the spot, and the fire was speedily extinguished, but not before the building and contents were almost consumed.

SUICIDE AT CLAPHAM.—Yesterday morning Anne Pennicard, the wife of a carrier, residing in the Archway, Clapham-common, was found hanging from a rafter in the warehouse of her residence. The body was warm, but a surgeon, who was in almost immediate attendance, was unable to restore animation. The deceased had a daughter committed to Brixton a few days since, for stealing scrapers from the doors of gentlemen's houses in Clapham, and to this circumstance, which was known to prey upon deceased's mind very much, is attributed the act of self-destruction.

MORE INCENDIARY FIRES IN HERTFORDSHIRE.—On Monday night a fire broke out on the Parsonage Farm at King's Walden, near Stevenage, occupied by Mr. G. Roberts, an eminent agriculturist. The whole of the buildings, with the exception of one barn, a cow-house, and the farm-house, which stood at a distance from the barns, were reduced to ashes. The loss is estimated at £2000. Suspicion has fallen on two labouring men. On the following night (Tuesday) another fire occurred in a wheat stack on the Bedford-road, about a mile from Hitchin. Near the stack in which the fire originated were three other stacks, and the flames extended to these with great rapidity, ending with their total destruction. The loss is estimated at £700. These fires are believed to have been the work of incendiaries.

THE LATE BANK ROBBERY.—The intention of the Bank of England to call in all the £1000 notes dated 13th May last has been officially noted to all the banks by Mr. Hobart, with the view of adopting some measures for cancelling those stolen from Messrs. Rogers.

A LAD SHOT BY HIS RELATIVE.—A youth, named Birch, was yesterday shot, while out in Chiswick fields shooting birds. The parties charged are the brother and cousin of the deceased, who were yesterday examined at Hammer-smith Police-court, and remanded, but admitted to bail. It appeared from the evidence of a witness that he was with deceased and the two prisoners and others that morning, about eleven o'clock, in the Home Fields, Chiswick. They had for some time been engaged in shooting birds. The prisoner Walker (the cousin), had the gun which belonged to the prisoner Birch, and was going to shoot a bird, when the prisoner Birch went up and laid hold of the gun to take it away from him. A scuffle then took place between the two prisoners as to which of them should have and fire the gun, which was loaded with shot, when the gun exploded, and the charge entered the body of the deceased, who was standing within a yard of witness, and about two or three yards from where the two prisoners were struggling about the gun.—A Coroner's inquest has since been held, and a verdict of accidental death was returned.

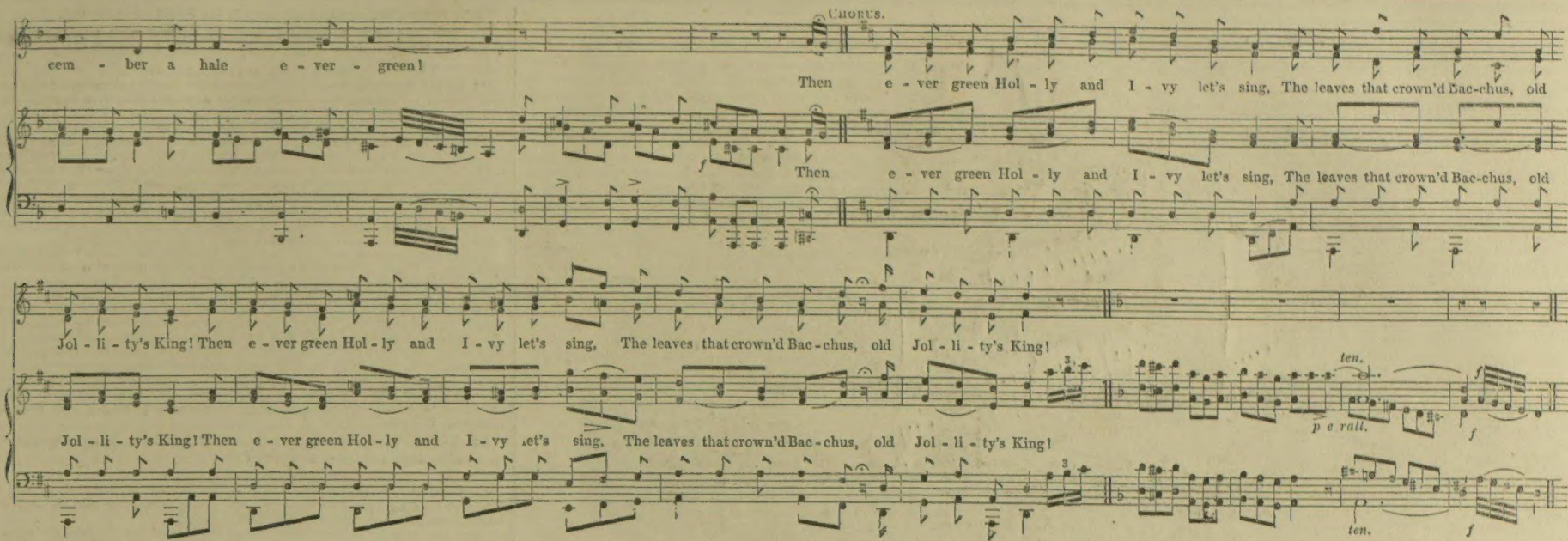


JOLLY OLD CHRISTMAS.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY J. AUGUSTINE WADE.

risoluto *ten.* *p e rall.* *a tempo* *ten.* *f*

A wel-come, Old Christ-mas, a wel-come once more! Though a twelve-month 'tis now since we met, Thy jol-ly old face looks as fresh as be-fore, Not a wrin-kle of age is there yet! Thy jol-ly old face looks as fresh as be-fore, Not a wrin-kle of age is there yet! And the rea-son is plain; for, while gay sum-mer bowers Em-broil-der them-selves in their fast fad-ing flowers, With man-tle of Hol-ly and I-vy thou'rt seen, With man-tle of Hol-ly and I-vy thou'rt seen, In the depth of De-



II.

A welcome, old Christmas, a welcome once more—
Though thy head be all frosty and chill,
Thy heart is as warm with its good kindly store
Of Affections and Fondnesses still
As ev'n in the days of our earlier years,
When our smiles were more often—less frequent our tears,
We greeted thy coming, and happy were we
Thy evergreen Holly and Ivy to see!

CHORUS.

Then evergreen Holly and Ivy let's sing,
The leaves that crown'd Bacchus old Jollity's King!

III.

What, tho' the sweet summer months have all sped,
And silence is in their lone bow'rs—
What, tho' the roses are wither'd or fled,
Still the Holly and Ivy are ours!

Oh! thus in the winter of life may we feel,
An enjoyment that even cold Time cannot steal—
A still blooming thought of some joy that is gone,
That will light us and warm us by Memory's sun!

CHORUS.

The evergreen Holly and Ivy let's sing,
The leaves that crown'd Bacchus, old Jollity's King!

FINE ARTS.

THE BEAUTIES OF THE OPERA. Parts VIII. and IX. La Sylphide and Don Juan. BOGUE, Fleet-street.

This elegant work maintains its attraction: the portraits of Taglioni and Sontag are complimentary (but we suppose gallantly so) to the two ladies. The expression of that of Taglioni, however, wants etherealism: as *La Sylphide* she is *en caractère*—we do not want a ball-room likeness of the fair danseuse; we should have preferred to have seen her portrayed as one of those beautiful personifications of a Muse or Grace in which she has so often proved how much poetry there may be in motion. The letter-press portion continues to be a little inflated;—but it seems to be written by an enthusiast, and we therefore excuse its occasional "bombast," and even think "it a style." The incidental illustrative cuts are exquisite, and in the highest degree characteristic. We have already lavished all our praise upon the getting up of this very elegant work—we can only repeat ourselves, and say our former meaning in other words, that it will be found an ornament to every literary table.

NEW MUSIC.

THE MUSICAL BIJOU, AN ALBUM OF POETRY AND MUSIC FOR 1845. D'ALMAINE, and Co., Soho-square.

This work does credit to the artists, in every department, who have been engaged upon it: the illustrations are beautiful in the extreme. We are informed that, "The whole have been copied, with slight alterations, by permission of the trustees, from manuscripts preserved in the British Museum; and executed in colours by J. Brandard;" and most beautifully we must say. The illuminated frontispiece and

border are from the poems of the Duke of Orleans (father of Louis XII.), taken prisoner at the battle of Agincourt; the copy executed for Elizabeth of York, Queen of Henry VII. (Royal Col. 16, F. ii.) The illuminated title is from the same MS.—the presentation plate from various authorities—the table of contents from the Calendar prefixed to a fine missal (Sloane, 2605), and the covers; the front from a small, but rare missal (Harleian, 2936), the back composed. So much for the decorative part of the work, which, we regret to say, is the predominant excellence of the book, although many things in the vocal and instrumental departments deserve our heartiest commendation. *Ubi plura nitent*, we shall not be offended with the *paucis maculis* which may be found throughout. Amongst the latter we must mention a mutilation of Bellini's duet from "Norma," which we cannot help thinking a musical sacrilege! But, altogether, the *Bijou* is a most elegant work—attractive in the *ensemble*, if not *en detail*. That enemy to true music, quadrille, occupies many pages which might have been more usefully applied—but "*c'est la mode*;" and a man or musician might as well be out of the world as out of the fashion.

FROST FAIR ON THE THAMES.

The recent frost has called up many recollections of similar visitations in this country; though, fortunately, that which has scarcely passed away, did not reach the severity of the event depicted in our engraving.

This represents a scene from "Frost Fair" on the Thames, in 1814; sketched by Luke Clennell, with all the skill of his truthful pencil. The locality is the immediate neighbourhood of London-bridge.

Of the event we find the following interesting notice in Mr. Cruden's valuable "History of Gravesend and the Port of London," lately published:—

"1814. The winter of this year was universally severe. On the eve of Epiphany, a frost commenced, that continued for several weeks; and during a great part of that time the Thames was frozen, to the indescribable distress of many industrious classes. On the 20th of January, a great fall of snow rendered the highway between Gravesend and Rochester impassable, until it was removed by the laborious exertions of the military stationed at Chatham. The intercourse by the water highway between Gravesend and London, was obstructed, but from this there could be no release by human aid; and those, whose means of earning a subsistence was suspended, awaited, with anxiety, the relief that was to be expected only from natural causes, and they hailed with gladness the day when the thaw commenced, that opened the avenues to the resumption of productive labour."

A sort of rude fair was held upon the ice; and printing-presses were set up there, at which were printed a memorial of the duration of this calamitous visitation—the following being a fac simile:—

FROST FAIR.

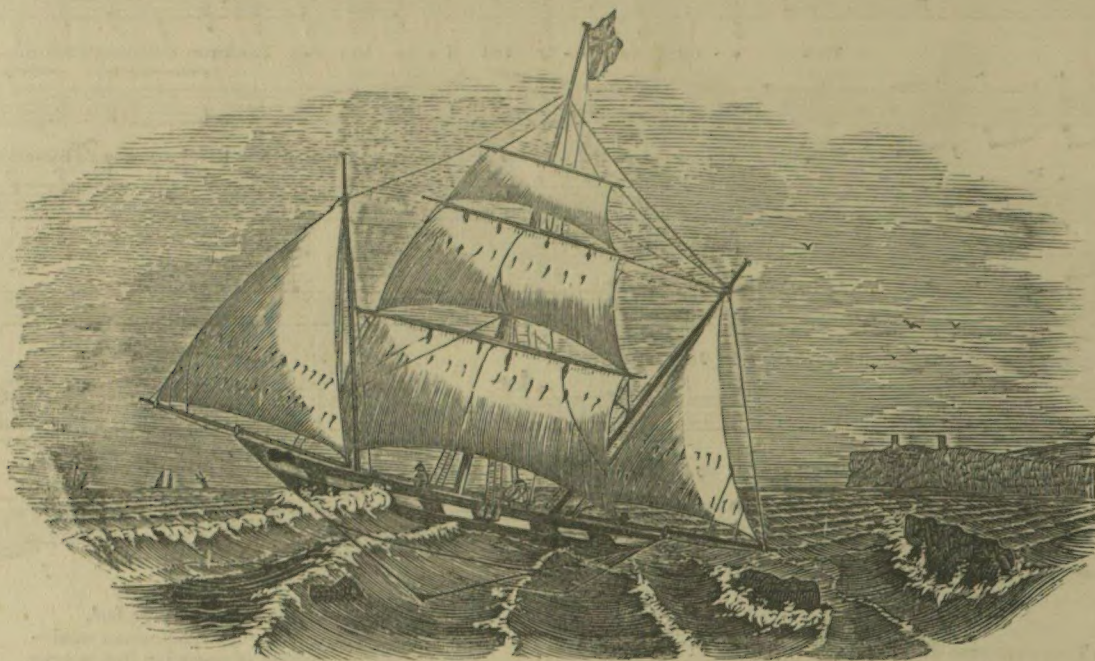
Amidst the Arts which on the THAMES appear,
To tell the wonders of this icy year,
PRINTING claims prior place, which at one view,
Erects a monument of THAT and YOU.

Printed on the River THAMES, February 4, in the 54th year of the reign of King George the III. Anno Domini, 1814.

The frost soon afterwards terminated, and the Thames was again the scene of trade and industry.



FROST FAIR ON THE THAMES, IN 1814, FROM A DRAWING BY CLENNELL



"THE PROBLEM" EXPERIMENTAL YACHT.

"THE PROBLEM" EXPERIMENTAL YACHT.

This little bark has been fitted out on a new principle, by Mr. Dempster, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne. She is built of iron; the stem and stern posts meet at an angle below the centre of the vessel, where it is made strong; the angular keel is formed by the plates riveted through the stem and stern posts, and lower ends of the floor timbers. From the floor down to the angle in the keel is run full of lead, which acts powerfully as ballast, strengthens the keel, and prevents corrosion. The keel being narrow, makes little resistance to the fluid; and its strength is a safeguard to the main body of the vessel.

The extraordinary facility with which this vessel can be controlled in a gale of wind, or on a rough sea, has excited considerable interest among practical men on the Tyne, where the vessel has manoeuvred with great success, according to the Newcastle journals. She has one centre or main mast with square sails, and a triangular sail, fore and aft, worked with several movements; and it is in the dexterous use of the latter sails, that the great advantages of the New Rig are exemplified. Mr. Dempster has repeatedly experimented on the Tyne with this vessel. His principal experiment is the revolving manœuvre, useful for vessels of war.

The Life-boat manœuvre is serviceable in case of a man falling overboard, by going back to pick him up, or for backing a vessel clear of dangers suddenly observed ahead. Buoy being hove overboard, and the vessel backed astern to pick them up, sufficiently showed how this manœuvre was effected. Mr. Dempster manages the vessel without assistance from any one; and her movements on the water, under his guidance, are described in the Newcastle Journal as truly surprising.

The vessel is shaped alike at each end, so that she can be propelled either way, through the water. In the manœuvre shown in the engraving, she is running at the rate of seven knots, and is about to take a rock narrow at the top, where there is one foot and a half less water than her draught; and this she passed over without injury.

This Experimental Vessel was built by subscription in Scotland; and Mr. Dempster is now in London, for the purpose of bringing his invention under the notice of the Lords of the Admiralty. "It is considered," says the Newcastle Journal, "that a vessel rigged upon this principle would form an excellent school of discipline for young men intended for the naval service, and instructing them in the nice art of manœuvring a vessel."

LITERATURE.

THE CHIMES: A GOBLIN STORY OF SOME BELLS THAT RANG AN OLD YEAR OUT AND A NEW YEAR IN. BY CHARLES DICKENS. Chapman and Hall.

As this elegant contribution to our reasonable literature has appeared almost simultaneously on the library-table and the stage, it has, doubtless, already been perused and witnessed with delight, by thousands of the reading and play-going public. A volume of some 170 pages, like the present, and that by one of the master-spirits of the age, must be hailed by a legion of readers; and, however highly expectation may have been raised by the author's exquisite "Carol," we predict that, making allowance for "The Chimes," being the second of its class, it will enjoy a comparative share of popularity. Probably, the "Goblin" of to-day is less jocund than the "Ghost" of last year; it may not equal its predecessor in construction of plot, slight as that was acknowledged to be; nor is there the same breath of humour and rich fancy flowing through its pages; but, in what may be regarded as the higher end and aim of Mr. Dickens' writings—the reform of social abuse, and the uprooting of deeply-rooted popular error—the present work must be hailed as a well-timed production, likely to realise the most beneficial results in society; while it is replete with refined sentiments upon questions of paramount importance to the adjustment of the social balance, and which must humanise and elevate the heart of even the most listless reader. These noble objects are the under-current of Mr. Dickens' volume; whilst the work is not wanting in those touches of homely truth and humour which have proved the most extensively attractive charms of the author's previous productions.

Numerous as already may be the public acquaintance with "The Chimes," we shall glance at the framework of the story, and its most successful scenic touches. The volume is divided into *Four Quarters*: the first is chiefly introductory of *dram. pers.*: here is a specimen from the opening pages:—

A NIGHT SCENE IN A CHURCH.

The night-wind has a dismal trick of wandering round and round a building of that sort, and moaning as it goes; and of trying, with its unseen hand, the windows and the doors; and seeking out some crevices by which to enter. And when it has got in; as one not flinching what it seeks, whatever that may be; it wails and howls to issue forth again; and not content with stalking through the aisles, and gliding round and round the pillars, and tempting the deep organ, soars up to the roof, and strives to rend the rafters; then flings itself despairingly upon the stones below, and passes, muttering, into the vaults. anon, it comes out stealthily, and creeps along the walls; seeming to read, in whispers, the inscriptions sacred to the Dead. At some of these, it breaks out shrilly, as with laughter; and at others, moans and cries as if it were lamenting. It has a ghostly sound too, lingering within the altar; where it seems to chant, in its wild way, of Wrong and Murder done, and false Gods worshipped; in defiance of the Tables of the Law, which look so far and smooth, but are so flawed and broken. Ugh! Heaven preserve us, sitting snugly round the fire! It has an awful voice, that wind at Midnight, singing in a church!

But high up in the steeple! There the foul blast roars and whistles! High up in the steeple, where it is free to come and go through many an airy arch and loophole, and to twist and twine itself about the giddy stair, and twirl the groaning weathercock, and make the very tower shake and shiver! High up in the steeple, where the belfry is; and iron rails are ragged with rust; and sheets of lead and copper, shrivelled by the changing weather, crackle and heave beneath the unaccustomed tread; and birds stuff shabby nests into corners of old oaken joists and beams; and dust grows old and grey; and speckled spiders, indolent and fat with long security, swing idly to and fro in the vibration of the bells, and never lose their hold upon their thread-spun castles in the air, or climb up sailor-like in quick alarm, or drop upon the ground and ply a score of nimble legs to save a life! High up in the steeple of an old church, far above the light and murmur of the town and far below the flying clouds that shadow it, is the wild and dreary place at night; and high up in the steeple of an old church, dwelt the Chimes I tell of.

Passing over the bells of the Chimes, who had their Godfathers and Godmothers, and their silver mugs—the latter melted down by Henry VIII.—we come to the first character:—

TOBY VECK, THE TICKET-PORTRER.

Whatever Toby Veck said, I say. I take my stand by Toby Veck, although he did stand all day long (and weary work it was) just outside the church-door. In fact, he was a ticket-porter, Toby Veck, and waited there for jobs.

And a breezy, goose-skinned, blue-nosed, red-eyed, stony-toed, tooth-chattering place it was to wait in, in the winter-time, as Toby Veck well knew. The wind came tearing round the corner—especially the east wind—as if it had sallied forth, expressly, from the confines of the earth, to have a blow at Toby. And oftentimes it seemed to come upon him sooner than it had expected, for, bounding round the corner, and passing Toby, it would suddenly wheel round again, as if it cried, "Why, here he is!" Incontinently his little white apron would be caught up over his head like a naughty boy's garments, and his feeble little cane would be seen to wrestle and struggle unavailingly in his hand, and his legs would undergo tremendous agitation, and Toby himself all a-salt, and facing now in this direction, now in that, would be so banged and buffeted, and tumbled, and worried, and hustled, and lifted off his feet, as to render it a state of things but one degree removed from a positive miracle, that he wasn't carried up bodily into the air as a colony of frogs or snails or other portable creatures sometimes are, and rained down again, to the great astonishment of the natives, on some strange corner of the world where ticket-porters are unknown.

But windy weather, in spite of its using him so roughly, was, after all, a sort of holiday for Toby. That's the fact. He didn't seem to wait so long for a sixpence in the wind, as at other times; for the having to fight with that boisterous element took off his attention, and quite freshened him up, when he was getting hungry and low-spirited. A hard frost, too, or a fall of snow was an Event; and it seemed to do him good, somehow or other—it would have been

hard to say in what respect though, Toby! So wind and frost and snow, and perhaps a good stiff storm of hail, were Toby Veck's red-letter days.

Wet weather was the worst: the cold, damp, clammy wet, that wrapped him up like a moist great-coat: the only kind of great-coat Toby owned, or could have added to his comfort by dispensing with. Wet days, when the rain came slowly, thickly, obstinately down; when the street's throat, like his own, was choked with mist; when smoking umbrellas passed and repassed spinning round and round like so many testotums, as they knocked against each other on the crowded footway, throwing off a little whirlpool of uncomfortable sprinklings; when gutters brawled, and water-spouts were full and noisy; when the wet from the projecting stones and ledges of the church fell drip, drip, on Toby, making the wisp of straw on which he stood mere mud in no time; those were the days that tried him. Then, indeed, you might see Toby looking anxiously out from his shelter in an angle of the church wall—such a meagre shelter, that in a summer time it never cast a shadow thicker than a good-sized walking-stick upon the sunny pavement—with a disconsolate and lengthened face. But coming out, a minute afterwards, to warm himself by exercise; and trotting up and down some dozen times: he would brighten even then, and go back more brightly to his niche.

They called him Trotty from his pace, which meant speed if it didn't make it. He could have walked faster perhaps; most likely; but rob him of his trot, and Toby would have taken to his bed and died. It bespattered him with mud in dirty weather; it cost him a world of trouble; he could have walked with infinitely greater ease; but that was one reason for his clinging to it so tenaciously. A weak, small, spare old man, he was a very Hercules, this Toby, in his good intentions. He loved to earn his money. He delighted to believe—Toby was very poor, and couldn't well afford to part with a delight—that he was worth his salt. With a shilling or an eighteenpenny message or small parcel in hand, his courage, always high, rose higher. As he trotted on, he would call out to fast Postmen ahead of him, to get out of the way; devoutly believing that in the natural course of things he must inevitably overtake and run them down; and he had perfect faith—not often tested—in his being able to carry anything that man could lift.

Thus, even when he came out of his nook to warm himself on a wet day, Toby trotted. Making, with his leaky shoes, a crooked line of slushy footprints in the mire; and blowing on his chilly hands and rubbing them against each other, poorly defended from the searching cold by threadbare mufflers of grey worsted, with a private apartment only for the thumb and a common room or tap for the rest of the fingers; Toby, with his knees bent and his cane beneath his arm, still trotted.

A character of another "order" will, doubtless, be identified among our civic neighbours: it is that of one, who, by "putting down," in the story before us, contrives to perpetrate much mischief, as in the following scene of

TOBY'S DAUGHTER AND ALDERMAN CUTE.

"Now I'm going to give you a word or two of good advice, my girl," said the Alderman, in his nice easy way. "It's my place to give advice, you know, because I'm a Justice. You know I'm a Justice, don't you?"

Meg timidly said, "Yes." But every body knew Alderman Cute was a Justice! Oh dear, so active a Justice always! Who such a mote of brightness in the public eye as Cute!

"You are going to be married, you say," pursued the Alderman. "Very unbecoming and indelicate in one of your sex! But never mind that. After you are married, you'll quarrel with your husband, and come to be a distressed wife. You may think not; but you will, because I tell you so. Now I give you fair warning, that I have made up my mind to put distressed wives down. So don't be brought before me. You'll have children—boys. Those boys will grow up bad of course, and run wild in the streets, without shoes and stockings. Mind, my young friend! I'll convict 'em summarily, every one, for I am determined to put boys without shoes and stockings down. Perhaps your husband will die young (most likely) and leave you with a baby. Then you'll be turned out of doors, and wander up and down the streets. Now don't wander near me, my dear, for I am resolved to put all wandering mothers down. All young mothers, of all sorts and kinds, it's my determination to put down. Don't think to plead illness as an excuse with me; or babies as an excuse with me: for all sick persons and young children (I hope you know the church-service but I'm afraid not) I am determined to put down. And if you attempt, desperately, and ungratefully, and impudently, and fraudulently attempt to drown yourself, or hang yourself. I'll have no pity on you, for I have made up my mind to put all suicide down. If there is one thing," said the Alderman, with his self-satisfied smile, "on which I can be said to have made up my mind more than on another, it is to put suicide down. So don't try it on. That's the phrase, is it not! Ha, ha! now we understand each other."

In the next Quarter is this exquisite snatch on

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

The Year was Old that day. The patient Year had lived through the reproaches and misuses of its slanderers, and faithfully performed its work. Spring, summer, autumn, winter. It had laboured through the destined round, and now laid down its weary head to die. Shut out from hope, high impulse, active happiness, itself, but messenger of many joys to others, it made appeal in its decline to have its toiling days and patient hours remembered, and to die in peace. Trotty might have read a poor man's allegory in the fading year; but he was past that now.

And only he? Or has the like appeal been ever made, by seventy years at once upon an English labourer's head, and made in vain!

The streets were full of motion, and the shops were decked out gaily. The New Year, like an Infant Heir to the whole world, was waited for, with welcomes, presents, and rejoicings. There were books and toys for the New Year, glittering trinkets for the New Year, dresses for the New Year, schemes of fortune for the New Year; new inventions to beguile it. Its lie was parcelled out in almanacks and pocket-books; the coming of its moons, and stars, and tides, was known beforehand to the moment; all the workings of its seasons in their days and nights, were calculated with as much precision as Mr. Filer could work sums in men and women.

The New Year, the New Year. Everywhere the New Year! The Old Year was already looked upon as dead; and its effects were selling cheap like some drowned mariner's aboardship. Its patterns were Last Year's and going at a sacrifice, before its breath was gone. Its treasures were mere dirt, beside the riches of its unborn successor!

Trotty had no portion, to his thinking, in the New Year or the Old.

To this succeeds a capital portrait of one who would shine in a Society for Bettering Every-body—one Sir Joseph Bowley—

"THE POOR MAN'S FRIEND."

"I am the Poor Man's Friend," observed Sir Joseph, glancing at the poor man present. "As such I may be taunted. As such I have been taunted. But I ask no other title."

"Bless him for a noble gentleman!" thought Trotty.

"I don't agree with Cate here, for instance," said Sir Joseph, holding out the letter. "I don't agree with the Filer party. I don't agree with any party. My friend the Poor Man, has no business with anything of that sort, and nothing of that sort has any business with him. My friend the Poor Man, in my district, is my business. No man or body of men has any right to interfere between my friend and me. That is the ground I take. I assume a—a paternal character towards my friend. I say, 'My good fellow, I will treat you paternally.'"

Toby listened with great gravity, and began to feel more comfortable.

"Your only business, my good fellow," pursued Sir Joseph, looking abstractedly at Toby; "your only business in life is with me. You needn't trouble yourself to think about anything. I will think for you: I know what is good for you; I am your perpetual parent. Such is the dispensation of an all-wise Providence! Now, the design of your creation is: not that you should swell and guzzle, and associate your enjoyments, brutally, with food!—Toby thought remorsefully of the trips—"but that you should feel the Dignity of Labour; go forth erect into the cheerful morning air, and—stop there. Live hard and temperately, be respectful, exercise your self-denial, bring up your family on next to nothing, pay your rent as regularly as the clock strikes, be punctual in your dealings (I set you a good example; you will find Mr. Fish, my confidential secretary, with a cash box before him at all times); and you may trust me to be your Friend and Father."

In the next passages, Toby's delight at finding a hungry guest, is intimately depicted; it is a piece of

HEARTFELT HOSPITALITY.

Toby withdrew to purchase the viands he had spoken of, for ready money, at Mrs. Chickenstalker's; and presently came back, pretending that he had not been able to find them, at first, in the dark.

"But here they are at last," said Trotty, setting out the tea things, "all correct! I was pretty sure it was tea, and a rasher. So it is. Meg, my Pet, if you'll just make the tea while your unworthy father toasts the bacon, we shall be ready, immediately. It's a curious circumstance," said Trotty, proceeding in his cookery, with the assistance of the toasting-fork, "curious, but well known to my friends, that I never care, myself, for rashers, nor for tea. I like to see other people enjoy 'em," said Trotty, speaking very loud to impress the fact upon his guest, "but to me, as food, they're disagreeable."

Yet Trotty sniffed the savour of the hissing bacon—ah!—as if he liked it; and when he poured the boiling water in the tea-pot, looked lovingly down into the depths of that snug cauldron, and suffered the fragrant steam to curl about his nose, and wreath his head and face in a thick cloud. However, for all this, he neither ate nor drank except, at the very beginning, a mere morsel for form's sake, which he appeared to eat with infinite relish, but declared was perfectly uninteresting to him.

We purposely abstain from detailing the entire plot of the story, but must not omit to mention the incident of Toby groping his way up into the chime-loft of a venerable Tudor church; and the Goblin Sight—the tower, swarming with dwarfs, phantoms, spirits, elfin creatures of the Bells, whom he saw leaping, flying, dropping, and pouncing forth—is a truly poetic scene.

The Third Quarter carries on the satire of the tale upon what we take to be one of the phases of Young Englandism. There is a rustic fête to celebrate the birthday of Lady Bowley (an excellent sketch of a woman of fashionable charity), one of the scenes in which is the following

SPORT FOR RICH AND POOR.

The skittle playing came off with immense success. Sir Joseph knocked the pins about quite skilfully; Master Bowley took an innings at a shorter distance also; and everybody said that now, when a Baronet and the Son of a Baronet played at skittles, the country was coming round again, as fast as it could come.

At its proper time, the Banquet was served up. Trotty involuntarily repaired to the Hall with the rest, for he felt himself conducted thither by some stronger impulse than his own free will. The sight was gay in the extreme; the ladies were very handsome; the visitors delighted, cheerful, and good-tempered. When the lower doors were opened, and the people flocked in, in their rustic dresses, the beauty of the spectacle was at its height; but Trotty only murmured more and more, "Where is Richard! He should help and comfort her! I can't see Richard!"

There had been some speeches made; and Lady Bowley's health had been proposed; and Sir Joseph Bowley had returned thanks; and made his great speech, showing by various pieces of evidence that he was the born Friend and Father, and so forth; and had given as a Toast, his Friends and Children, and the Dignity of Labour; when a slight disturbance at the bottom of the hall attracted Toby's notice. After some confusion, noise, and opposition, one man broke through the rest, and stood forward by himself.

The labourer who thus gains admittance proves a very unwelcome addition to the party, by talking to the great folks in a spirit by no means relished. Here is a hard-hitting specimen:—

"JAIL, JAIL, JAIL."

"Now, gentlemen," said Will Fern, holding out his hands, and flushing for an instant in his haggard face. "See how your laws are made to trap and hunt us when we're brought to this. I tries to live elsewhere. And I'm a vagabond. To jail with him! I comes back here. I goes a nutting in your woods, and breaks—who don't?—a limber branch or two. To jail with him! One of your keepers sees me in the broad day, near my own patch of garden with a gun. To jail with him! I has a nat'ral angry word with that man, when I'm free again. To jail with him! I cuts a stick. To jail with him! I eats a rotten apple or a turnip. To jail with him! It's twenty miles away; and coming back, I begs a trifle on the road. To jail with him! At last, the constable, the keeper—anybody—finds me anywhere, a doing anything. To jail with him, for he's a vagrant, and a jail-bird known; and jail's the only home he's got."

The Fourth Quarter shifts to livelier company—

A COSY PAIR OF PORTRAITS.

Fat company, rosy-checked company, comfortable company. They were but two, but they were red enough for ten. They sat before a bright fire, with a small low table between them: and unless the fragrance of hot tea and muffins lingered longer in that room than in most others, the table had seen service very lately. But all the cups and saucers being clean, and in their proper places in the corner cupboard; and the brass toasting-fork hanging in its usual nook and spreading its four idle fingers out, as if it wanted to be measured for a glove; there remained no other visible tokens of the meal just finished, than such as purged and washed their whiskers in the person of the basking cat, and glistened in the gracious, not to say the greasy, faces of her patrons.

This cosy couple (married, evidently) had made a fair division of the fire between them, and sat looking at the glowing sparks that dropped into the grate; now nodding off into a doze; now waking up again when some hot fragment, larger than the rest, came rattling down, as if the fire were coming with it.

It was in no danger of sudden extinction, however; for it gleamed not only in the little room, and on the panes of window-glass in the door, and on the curtain half drawn across them, but in the little shop beyond. A little shop, quite crammed and choked with the abundance of its stock; a perfectly voracious little shop, with a maw as accommodating and full as any shark's. Cheese, butter, firewood, soap, pickles, matches, bacon, table-bear, peg tops, sweetmeats, boys' kites, bird-seed, cold ham, birch brooms, hearth-stones, salt, vinegar, blacking, red-herrings, stationery, lard, mushroom-ketchup, staylases, loaves of bread, shuttlecocks, eggs, and slate-pencil: everything was fish that came to the net of this greedy little shop, and all these articles were in its net. How many other kinds of petty merchandise were there, it would be difficult to say; but balls of packthread, ropes of onions, pounds of candles, cabbage-nets, and brushes, hung in bunches from the ceiling, like extraordinary fruit; while various odd canisters emitting aromatic smells, established the veracity of the inscription over the outer door, which informed the public that the keeper of this little shop was a licensed dealer in tea, coffee, tobacco, pepper, and snuff.

Glancing at such of these items as were visible in the shining of the blaze, and the less cheerful radiance of two smoky lamps which burnt but dimly in the shop itself, as though its plethora sat heavy on their lungs; and glancing, then, at one of the two faces by the parlour-fire; Trotty had small difficulty in recognising in the stout old lady, Mrs. Chickenstalker: always inclined to corpulence, even in the days when he had known her as established in the general line, and having a small balance against him in her books.

The features of her companion were less easy to him. The great broad chin, with creases in it large enough to hide a finger in; the astonished eyes, that seemed to expostulate with themselves for sinking deeper and deeper into the yielding fat of the soft face: the nose afflicted with that disordered action of its functions which is generally termed The Snuffles; the short thick throat and labouring chest, with other beauties of the like description; though calculated to impress the memory, Trotty could at first alight to nobody he had ever known: and yet he had some recollection of them too. At length, in Mrs. Chickenstalker's partner in the general line, and in the crooked and eccentric line of life, he recognised the former porter of Sir Joseph Bowley; an apocryphal innocent, who had connected himself in Trotty's mind with Mrs. Chickenstalker years ago, by giving him admission to the mansion.

The thickening of the misery and suffering of the pair who are frightened out of marriage "by the gentlemen" is exquisitely told in finely blended pathos, relieved by humorous interruption; and the tale, or rather the dream—for such it proves—is wound up with a touching reproof of the old man's (Trotty) "slander of Nature in the breasts of mothers rendered desperate." Soon after which "the Chimes began to ring the joy-peals for a New Year, so lustily, so merrily, so happily, so gaily, that he leapt upon his feet, and broke the spell that bound him."

Trotty had been dreaming—the consequence of a hearty meal of tripe—and how he had been "going on, good gracious!" Meg's suitor, who has been waiting outside the house to hear the Bells,



THE CHRISTMAS CATTLE MARKET, AT SMITHFIELD.

The "Christmas Cattle Market" at Smithfield has this year excited considerable attention. As might be expected from the fine frosts experienced for some time past, and the consequent favourable state of the weather for slaughtering, the graziers were tolerably certain of realising more remunerating prices for the stock, especially the beasts, than we have reported for a lengthened period. In this expectation they were, however, in a great measure disappointed; for the atmosphere having suddenly become mild, many of the butchers in attendance, the number of which was exceedingly great, refused to purchase at anything like the asking quotations, some of which were high in the extreme. Hence the beef trade was, the time of year considered, in a very sluggish state, with the exception of a few of the finest animals producing high rates. The highest general figure did not exceed 4s. 6d. per 8's.

In noticing the "prodigies" of the show of beasts, we have to refer to the thirteen most wonderful Durhams and short horns sent by Sir C. Knightley, which for symmetry and weight were never excelled by any stock brought together for competition in any cattle yard in England. These extraordinary beasts, the whole of which were under five years old, were the admiration of all beholders, while there was only one of them under 200 stones (8's).

The next in importance, as to quality, were the thirty Herefords and Sussex beasts, the property of Mr. Senior, of Broughton House near Aylesbury. Many of them weighed upwards of 250 stones, and were sold at from £60 to £60 per head. Mr. Senior was a successful exhibitor at the club's show.

We have also to mention the 43 Herefords offered by Mr. Rowland, of Crislow. This stock, considering the number shown by one gentleman as his own property, was decidedly the best in the market, though we consider that one of the Herefords sold by Mr. Senior was superior to anything we almost ever saw. Mr. Rowland exhibited an animal which carried off one of the prizes at a local show a few weeks since.

Mr. Guerrier had the celebrated short-horn which carried off the £30 prize, as awarded by the Smithfield Club. This, and three others—viz., a short-horn and two Herefords—were greatly and deservedly admired.

Mr. Morgan had the largest, and perhaps the most astonishing show of beasts of any salesman in the market, consisting of shorthorns, Devons, Herefords, &c. Mr. Vorley's stand was filled with many extremely good animals, which were sold at high prices.

On the whole, the Herefords stood at the top of the poll, both in weight and symmetry. The next in importance in these particulars, were the Devons, the next the Durhams, the next the short horns, and the next the Scots. In speaking of the latter breed, it is placed beyond a doubt, that the show was the very best ever noticed.

In the sheep, a very great improvement was noticed, indeed scarcely so fine a collection of half-breeds was ever known on such an occasion as the present. Mr. Weall had on offer forty wonderful Downs and ten Gloucesters, the property of F. F. Wittingstall, Esq., of Langleybury, Herts; the former, which weighed on an average about 20 stones (8's.), and produced £5 per head, were almost unri-

valled; while the latter exceeded in weight 30 stones (8's.), and found buyers at £6 each.

Very few foreign beasts or sheep were on sale, and there was scarcely any inquiry for them. The imports for the United Kingdom, since the previous Monday, amounted to 180 oxen and cows, and 200 sheep, in, for the most part, good condition.

The comparative supplies for this and last year were as follow:—

	Dec. 11, 1843.	Dec. 16, 1844.
Beasts	4,510	5,713
Sheep and Lambs	26,560	36,970
Calves	93	111
Pigs	441	362

At the close of the market nearly the whole of the stock was disposed of.

ELECTION OF THE COURT OF COMMON COUNCIL.

St. Thomas's Day (Dec. 21), although the shortest day in the year, is, as regards the business of the Civic Government of the Metropolis, the longest, or, at least, the most important; for, upon this day, takes place, annually, the election of the members of the Court of Common Council. The wits and wags, who have sport of the citizens since the boon days of Charles II., have termed this council "the City Parliament;" it is, however, the great legislative body of the Corporation; and a more appropriate opportunity of introducing its constitution to our readers, could not be chosen than this day, the anniversary of the election.

"The fluctuations in the constitution of the Common Council," say the Corporation Commissioners, "are not always to be accurately traced." In the earliest times, the words *Commune Concilium*, appear to have been applied sometimes to the whole body of citizens, sometimes to the magistracy (that is, the Lord Mayor and Aldermen), or the magistracy and sheriffs. In the reign of Henry III. a *fulkenote* seems to have been summoned to meet the magistracy three or four times in the year, and on special occasions. In the Saxon time, the *folkenote*, as the meeting of the entire body of people in the open air was called, or the husting or common hall, when within doors, exercised the most important functions of local government; and, although these rights were placed in abeyance during the first shock of the Conquest, they were again claimed, and made the subject of frequent struggles, as reviving peace and prosperity afforded opportunities.

In the time of Edward I. and Edward II., a body analogous to the Common Council was formed by representatives from the different Wards of the City. From thence to the time of Richard II., the Companies or Mysteries returned representatives.

In the Mayoralty of Nicolas Prembre (7 and 8 Rich. II.), ordinances were made, establishing the election by Wardmotes.

The Common Council has increased its own number, and has altered the dis-

position of the different numbers among the several Wards, under the power which it claims of internal legislation. In the great Quo Warranto case, in the reign of Charles II., the City pleaded the custom as follows:—"That within the said City there has been, time out of mind, a Common Council assembled as often as necessary, consisting of the Mayor, Aldermen, and certain of the Citizens, not exceeding 250 persons thereunto annually elected, called the Commons of the City."

The number has never exceeded 240; but the real state of the custom is the subject of much doubt among those best acquainted with the Corporation.

We find the numbers to have been as follow:—In 1384 (7 Rich. II.), 95 members; July 31, 1384, 207; 1549, 197; Stowe's Survey, 1717, 231; Stowe, 1736 and 1755, 214; 1837, 240; reduced in 1840 to 206.

From 1660 to 1676, several attempts were made by the Aldermen to limit the choice of the Wardmote to citizens of the higher classes; but no permanent regulation was the result.

In 1831, a Committee reported that persons convicted of defrauding in weights and measures, or having compounded with their creditors, or of having been bankrupt without paying 20s. in the pound, were ineligible as Common Councilmen, according to a supposed analogy to a standing order excluding them from Committees of that body.

The Court of Common Council consists, first, of the Aldermen (including the Lord Mayor), and secondly, of the Commons, or Common Councilmen, in all 206. They are elected by the 26 wards, excluding Bridge Without. The election, as we have already intimated, takes place every year, on St. Thomas's Day, 21st of December; the candidate must be a householder of the ward for which he declares; he must also be a freeman. The Alderman of the ward is the presiding officer at the election; and the return of the persons elected is made on Monday next after the Epiphany, i. e., Plough Monday.

Of the functions of the Council, it will be only necessary to observe, that it is the legislative body of the corporation, and in that capacity enjoys an unusual degree of power, such as that of making important alterations in the constitution of the latter; that it dispenses the funds, manages the landed property, has the care of the bridges, and of the Thames navigation, with many other powers and trusts.

The Court also elects the Common Sergeant, the City Solicitor, the Town Clerk, the Remembrancer, the Judges of the Sheriff's Court, the City Traders, about one-half the Commissioners of Sewers; and several subordinate officers, as the Sergeant-Carver, Sergeants of the Channel, Yeomen of the Water-side, Sword-bearer, and Sword-bearer's Young Man.

A great defect in the constitution of the Court is the inequality of the wards, and the number of representatives returned for each ward bearing no just and uniform relation to the property of the ward, the number of inhabitants, or even of resident freemen. The Ward of Bridge, for example, returns eight Common Councilmen (formerly sixteen), while the large Ward of Farringdon Without, with a population fifteen times as numerous, returns only twice the number; so that one householder in the Ward of Bridge has the same influence as nearly eight householders in the Ward of Farringdon Without; and the same disproportion prevails in many other wards.

Each Common Councilman wears a robe of Mezzarine blue, trimmed with haker's fur—a costume, probably, of the reign of Edward VI. The chamber in which the meetings of the Court are held, with the presentation of a petition at the bar, is shown in our engraving. The Council-chamber is a very tasteful room, erected by the late George Dance, Esq., R. A., and is approached from the northern side of the Guildhall (i. e., the Great or Common Hall), by an elegant corridor. Within the chamber are assembled some of the chief artistic treasures of the Corporation. In a marble niche, at the west end, behind the President's chair, is a marble statue of King George III., executed by Chantrey, for the Corporation, at an expense of £3089 9s. 6d.; on the pedestal is an inscription written by Mr. Alderman Birch, who, in the year of its erection, 1815, was Lord Mayor. Here, too, are busts of Admiral Lord Nelson, the Duke of Wellington, Granville Sharp, and Thomas Clarkson. The walls are hung with pictures, among which are a portrait of her present Majesty; portraits of Queen Caroline and the Princess Charlotte, by Lordle; of Lord Rodney, Nelson, Duncan, St. Vincent, Howe, Hood, Cornwallis, &c.; and some pictures of battles, civic ceremonies, &c.; the collection being, altogether, a very interesting one. Among the latest additions is Mrs. Carpenter's excellent portrait of Lord Denham.

The office of Common Councilman may be regarded as the stepping-stone to the highest civic honour. Generally speaking, the Aldermen consist of Common Councilmen, who have won the good opinions of their fellow-citizens, and who are presumed to be fitted for the higher offices to which, as Aldermen, they are liable—the Shrievalty and the Mayoralty.

CHURCHES OF THE METROPOLIS.—No. L.

BEDDINGTON CHURCH.

The reader is aware that this series of illustrations occasionally extends beyond the metropolis; and on this occasion, we must crave the same license.

Beddington is one of the most rural villages in the picturesque environs of London. It lies in the hundred of Wellington, in Surrey, adjoining the parishes of Mitcham, Croydon, and Carshalton. The village is rich in Roman remains and the ancient Stane-street, in all probability, crossed the parish.



BEDDINGTON CHURCH.

The church of Beddington, we gather from Brayley's laboriously compiled "History of Surrey," is mentioned in the Domesday Book; but no part of the present structure can be referred to the remote era of that record. It would seem, indeed, from the style of the architecture, to have been erected during the reign of Richard II.; a surmise receiving corroboration from a bequest made by Nicolas de Carreu, in 1390, of £20 "to the building of the church." The edifice is dedicated to St. Mary, and consists of a nave and aisles, a chancel, and, at the west end, a massive tower; together with a large south porch, and a monumental chapel for the Carew family attached to the chancel. The tower, which is supported by strong buttresses at the angles, was partly rebuilt on the old plan, about the year 1829.

The entrance doorway to the tower is formed by a high-pointed arch, over which is a very large and handsome window, comprising three tiers of trefoiled lights, progressively rising to the apex. The entrance from the porch is by a pointed arch, with deep cavetto in the mouldings, and quatrefoils in the spandrels.

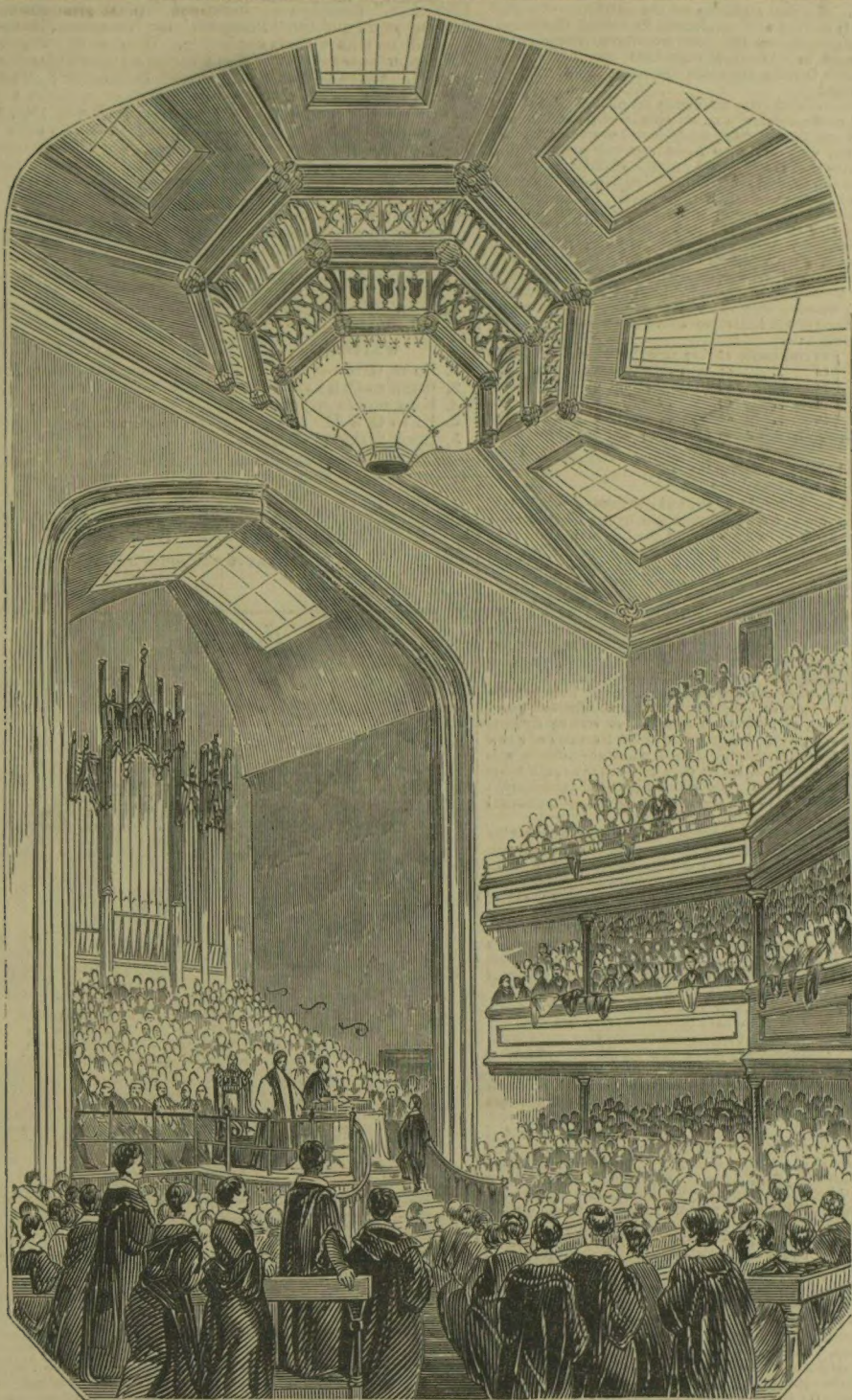
The interior fittings are mostly modern: there is an ancient dipping-font; and in the singers' gallery, are four wooden stalls, or misericords, ornamented with foliage shields, a female head in a reticulated head-dress, and other carvings; three stalls having been, in all probability, provided for the "four fit chaplains," which Sir Nicolas de Carreu, in his will, dated 1397, directed "should be found, one of them for ever, and the others for five years, to pray for his soul, and all Christian souls, in the church of Beddington." The church abounds with costly monuments of the Carew family; besides mural tablets, brasses, and other sepulchral memorials of persons of distinction; all which are elaborately detailed in Mr. Brayley's work.

The churchyard, too, abounds with these mementos of mortality: the aisles of the church are partly shrouded with ivy; and some noble elms, and a wide-spreading yew-tree, overshadow the graves in the inclosure.

EXTENSION OF THE SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.—The South-Western Railway Company, at their meeting on Saturday last, empowered the directors to proceed with the usual terms necessary for extending the line from the present Nine Elms terminus to the vicinity of Hungerford and Waterloo bridges, and to the Thames; and from Wimbledon to Basingstoke; from Weybridge to Staines and Windsor; from Woking common, by Guildford, Godalming, and Chichester, to Portsmouth and Farnham, including the purchase of the Guildford Junction Railway; from Hook-pit, for a main line of railway to Mottisfont, on the Salisbury branch; and from Salisbury to Sherborne; and Yeovil to Dorchester and Weymouth; and from Basingstoke to the Great Western at Didcot and Swindon.



THE COMMON COUNCIL CHAMBER AT GUILDHALL.



CHRISTMAS DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES AT THE LIVERPOOL COLLEGIATE INSTITUTION.

CHRISTMAS DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES AT THE LIVERPOOL COLLEGIATE INSTITUTION.

The half-yearly Distribution of Prizes, at this well-conducted establishment, took place on Friday, the 13th inst., in the Lecture Hall of the College. The middle and upper galleries, which were appropriated to the parents and other relatives of the pupils, were crowded with ladies and gentlemen, comprising many of the first families in Liverpool. The body of the hall was devoted to the students, and the music-gallery, or stage, was completely filled. The whole number present must have considerably exceeded 3000. Our engraving, from a sketch by a clever Liverpool artist, represents this interesting scene. Before the proceedings of the day commenced, the vast assembly were gratified and entertained by an admirable selection of sacred music, performed by Mr. Browne, professor of music to the institution, upon the powerful and fine-toned organ belonging to the Philharmonic Society.

Shortly after eleven o'clock, the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Chester appeared on the platform, and took the chair, amidst loud acclamations. On the right of his lordship were James Lawrence, Esq., Mayor of Liverpool, the Rev. Rector Brooks, the Rev. H. M'Neale, the Rev. Dr. Tattershall, Thomas

Sands, Esq., the Rev. T. Nolan, the Rev. W. Hampton, G. Kendall, Esq., the Rev. J. H. Stewart, &c. On his lordship's left were the Rev. W. J. Conybeare, M.A., principal of the institution, the Rev. Dr. Booth and the Rev. J. H. Brown, M.A., vice principals, the Masters of the different classes in the institution, Rd. Harbord, Esq., A. Tinné, Esq., Lords Bangor and Molyneux, Josiah Booker, Esq., &c. &c. The proceedings were opened by the scholars raising the chant, "Jam lucis orto sidere."

The Lord Bishop then came forward, and addressed the meeting on the principles of the Institution, and concluded in these emphatic words:—"One of the advantages of the present generation is, that religion is now made an essential part of education—that young people are not now taught everything but that which it behoves them most to know, as their fathers and grandfathers too often were. You, my young friends, may not understand this now; but you may believe that which the experience of your older friends will tell you, that the principles of religion in which you are instructed in your youth will become of more and more value to you as the value of everything else becomes less and less, and that they will stand you in stead when the time comes that everything else shall be of no value at all." (Applause.)

The distribution of the prizes was then proceeded with, by the Reverend Principal introducing the prizemen, the Lord Bishop presenting the prizes, and addressing the recipients.

The Lord Bishop expressed the great satisfaction he felt in giving the prizes. The prizemen were greeted with loud applause on leaving the platform; and the Principal then directed the scholars to sing "Jubilate Deo," which was accordingly done—the whole assembly joining in the psalm.

The Right Reverend Prelate having addressed the scholars, they sang, in beautiful style, the National Anthem, the company joining in chorus.

The Rev. Rector Brooks, Chairman of the Board of Directors, then proposed a vote of thanks to the Lord Bishop, which was seconded by his Worship the Mayor; and the Right Rev. Prelate having thanked the company, left the chair amidst loud applause, and the meeting separated.

Of the Liverpool Collegiate Institution, an Engraving and Description, with the details of the opening of the Establishment, will be found in No. 37 of our Journal. There are already upwards of 1000 pupils on its books, and, judging from the enthusiasm manifested on Friday, there is no reason to suppose that it has attained its maximum of success. We regret that we have not room for a list of the Prizes, which fill more than half of a column of the *Liverpool Mail*.

The Lecture-hall, in which the Prizes were delivered on Friday, is a handsome, well-ventilated apartment, 50 feet high, from the floor to the ceiling, with two Galleries, containing accommodation for 2700 persons; a spacious Music-room, with rising seats for 300 persons, opens from the Lecturer's Platform, through a lofty arch, the whole width of the wall of the Lecture-hall, in which a powerful organ is erected.

The Lecture Hall is a fine structure, comprising five sides of an octagon. It is lighted from the roof by a large octagonal window, richly groined, gracefully dropping from the centre; and by five lozenge shaped flat lights placed around it. The body and galleries are so constructed that all can distinctly see and hear the speakers. In this hall lectures are delivered on Tuesday and Friday evenings, to the members of the Institution. Mr. Charles Kemble has delivered his readings in it during the past season, and this gentleman, with Sir H. Bishop, Dr. Reinbault, Professors Taylor and Cowper, and other eminent lecturers, are announced to appear during the ensuing season. The Lecture Hall is illuminated in the evening by a powerful concentrated light, of a novel design, placed in the centre pendant, as well as by lights placed beneath each gallery, which were lighted on the occasion of the prize delivery.

FATAL AND DISTRESSING ACCIDENT TO MISS CLARA WEBSTER.

Last Saturday night a very lamentable accident took place at Drury-lane Theatre, during the performance of "The Revolt of the Harem," which has proved fatal to Miss Clara Webster, the dancer. In the second act of the ballet, the ladies of the Harem are discovered bathing, among whom Zulica, the royal slave (Miss Webster), is one. During the scene, the gas placed at the bottom of the stage, or under the sunken portion of it, where the water pieces, or waves, are placed, caught the light drapery of Miss Webster's dress, and in an instant her whole person was enveloped in flames.

This frightful event, taking place on the stage, in sight of the audience, the whole house was in a state of consternation, and screams issued from the ladies in front of the boxes and pit, who were the first to perceive the appalling accident.

The whole *corps de ballet*, who were on the stage with her, closed round her, to extinguish the flames, but, terrified at the appearance which presented itself, they retreated, and she rushed forward alone towards the front of the stage. Mrs. Plunkett alone endeavoured to extinguish the flames, and in so doing was herself nearly falling a victim to her intrepidity and good feelings. At this moment a carpenter belonging to the theatre sprang from the wing of the stage, and throwing himself upon the young lady, extinguished the fire by rolling upon her. In doing so, however, he severely cut her upper lip, and received some slight injury himself from the burning clothes. Miss Webster was immediately taken into the green-room, and placed upon a sofa. Her clothes were nearly all consumed, at least all her external garments. Fortunately, Dr. Marsden was in the theatre, and his assistance was rendered without delay. The usual applications of spirits of wine and water, flour, &c., were had recourse to, and every as-



THE LATE MISS CLARA WEBSTER.

sistance was rendered. Miss Webster's face was much blistered, and in some parts scorched, the eye-lashes and eye brows burnt off; but the hair of the head was untouched. The lower extremities were much scorched, and the flesh of the hips was also much burnt. The hands also suffered dreadfully. Miss Webster never lost her recollection, but exhibited, notwithstanding the dreadful agony under which she laboured, great physical power, and extraordinary moral fortitude. She was conveyed to her home, in Upper Norton-street, in a carriage, attended by Dr. Marsden, who administered fresh applications, and who was afterwards unceasing in his attendance. Mr. Liston, the eminent surgeon, and other medical gentlemen, were called in, but they concurred in all that Dr. Marsden had done, and his mode of treatment was adhered to.

On Monday there were some favourable symptoms, and it was hoped the unfortunate young lady would recover. We sincerely regret to state, however, that Miss Webster died at half past three o'clock on Tuesday morning, from the effects of the injuries she received. Her medical attendant, Dr. Marsden, was with her from ten to twelve on Monday night, at which time she was much worse than in the early part of the day, and symptoms of the most alarming nature continued to show themselves—namely, frequent vomitings and occasional faintings. Having communicated to her family and friends that nothing more could be done, and that there were no hopes of saving the patient's life, Dr. Marsden took his departure, and returned again at four o'clock on Tuesday morning, when he found that she had breathed her last about half an hour previously. She died very tranquilly; indeed, she went off as if merely sinking into a gentle slumber. She bore her sufferings with great fortitude, and did not appear to shrink from the prospect of death, which, it was intimated during the evening, awaited her.

Mr. Liston was present when she died. He had not been in the room more than a few minutes when Miss Webster ceased to breathe. Miss Webster's mother had but a short time left the room, for the purpose of taking a little rest, and when the melancholy intelligence of her daughter's death was made known to her she became almost distracted.

It is stated that even up to six o'clock on Monday evening every symptom ap-



THE EMIGRANTS' FAREWELL.—See next page.

prepared favourable, that shortly before that period she drank some tea, and partook of a small portion of roll, expressing herself thankful that she could enjoy that repast.

Mrs. Webster was in the 21st year of her age. Mr. Webster, of the Haymarket Theatre, is a brother, by a former marriage, of the late Mr. Webster, the father, who, we understand, was married three times, and had families by each wife. The deceased was the issue of the last marriage.

We perceive that a benefit is to take place at Drury-lane Theatre on Monday next for the benefit of Miss Webster's family, and we direct attention to it in the hope of being instrumental in affording some slight alleviation under the painful circumstances.

THE CORONER'S INQUEST.

An inquest was held on the body of the unfortunate young lady on Thursday morning, at the Green Man public-house, New-road.

The jury, having been sworn, proceeded to view the body at the house where she died, 54, Upper Norton-street. It lay in the back bed-room on the first floor, and had been placed in a shell. The face, neck, and arms, were discoloured and blistered, from the effects of the burning. The face wore a calm, but sorrowful expression; it was bedecked with artificial flowers.

The first witness called was

Mrs. A. B. Taylor, the landlady of the house in which deceased lodged. She stated: I knew deceased, who, I believe, was 21 years of age. She died in my house, at 54, Upper Norton-street, at ten minutes past three o'clock on Tuesday morning, in the presence of Mr. Liston, the surgeon, and the nurse. Mr. Liston first told me she was dead. I was at home when she was brought home in a coach, accompanied by Mr. Marsden and another gentleman, after the accident; she had received some severe injuries from the burning, but was quite sensible. She was immediately put to bed, and Dr. Marsden dressed her wounds with flour and wadding, and afterwards washed them with spirits of wine and water. The first application of spirits of wine was made at the theatre. Mr. Liston arrived shortly afterwards. Had continued to attend her until the nurse came. Had thought her better on Monday morning, but towards evening she became worse. I was with her on Monday evening till the time of her death, with the exception of a short interval.

The Coroner: Had she any difficulty in breathing?

Witness: Yes; she had great difficulty in breathing, which I first noticed about seven o'clock. I think she was insensible from that time until her death. She became delirious about that time, and gradually sunk until she died.

The Coroner: Did she make any complaint against any one, or blame any person for what had happened?

Witness: No, Sir; none whatever.

The Coroner: Do you blame any one, Mrs. Webster?

Mrs. Webster (sorrowfully): No, indeed, Sir.

The Coroner: You have no complaint to make against any person in authority at the theatre?

Mrs. Webster: No, Sir.

Mrs. Robert Liston, the surgeon, of Clifford-street, Bond-street, was next called. He stated—At twelve o'clock on Saturday night I first commenced my attendance on the deceased; found her very severely injured, more especially about the upper parts of the body—the face, neck, and arms. I saw her within an hour after the accident had happened. The whole of the back and shoulders were also much injured. I found that flour and wadding had been applied. I heard that spirits of wine and water had also been applied. No alteration in treatment was made by me. Saline medicines were given, and wine, as a stimulus. She was not so much in pain as depressed in spirits. I saw her again on Sunday and Monday, and on Tuesday morning I entered the room just as she was expiring.

By the Coroner: She died from the injuries she received by the burning. She was washed with spirits of wine and water, in the proportion of two spoonfuls of spirits of wine to a pint of water. There was never any hope of her recovery from the effects of the injuries she received. I have no hesitation in saying that these injuries were the cause of death.

Daniel Coyle was next called. He said: I am a stone-mason, residing at 29, Crown-street, St. James's, but am regularly employed at Drury-lane Theatre as a carpenter. It was a bath scene in which she was performing, and her clothes caught fire in the bath, but I believe no person saw them ignite.

Mrs. Webster said she did not believe that any person saw them catch fire.

Daniel Coyle (resumed): The bottom part of her dress was on fire when I first perceived her. She ran along out of the bath and up the steps leading on to the stage. The more she ran the more her clothes burnt. I ran after her, caught her in my arms, threw her down, and rolled over her.

The Coroner: Did that extinguish the flames?

Witness: Not quite; but some of the other men then came up and helped. I had nearly brushed the flames out with my arms and hands. [The poor fellow wore his right arm in a sling, and appeared to be suffering severe pain from the effects of the burns he had received.]

By the Coroner: There was nothing unusual in the disposition of the lamps that night. The lamps are of oil, and with glasses. There are two baths, one before the other; the performers stand in an opening about three feet wide. The lamps are a little under the stage, but under the stage and over the lamps the dresses of the performers might insinuate themselves. If a wire work were over these the dresses could not get to them. The ladies in that scene are supposed to be throwing the water over themselves.

Mrs. Mary Webster: I have been a widow for nine years. The deceased was my daughter. At present I live with my son at 23, St. Martin's street, Leicester-square. I was in the dressing-room at the time when the accident happened. I was not told of it, but hearing a screaming, I came down and found that she had been taken into the green room. I said to her how was it that no one came sooner to your assistance? If I had been in the wings I could have saved you with my cloak. She replied "Yes, mamma, you could." I had often been there before when she performed in the same part, and wore the same kind of gauze dress which she then had on. I never had any apprehension of danger.

Coyle was again recalled, and said there was a pump just underneath the stairs, and buckets were kept hanging along the side of the stage in case of fire. From the time he had first seen her to the time he caught her, she had run about eighteen yards. He caught her just as she got out of the sight of the audience.

The Coroner said he supposed the gentlemen of the jury had no doubt that the deceased had met her death accidentally.

The Jury said they had none whatever.

The Coroner said it was a most unfortunate thing that persons when they set their clothes on fire, almost in every instance lost all presence of mind, and rushed into passages or into the open air. The very act of moving was the worst thing they could do, and by standing up they made themselves a burning pile, the flames of which came up round the head and neck—the most vital parts. If in such cases people could but deliberate for a moment, and throw themselves down on the ground, the flames might be extinguished and their lives saved. But by standing up, or running, the most fatal consequences ensued. He then proceeded to make some observations on a process of preparing dresses in such a manner as to prevent their being inflammable. He had written to Dr. Gardner, an eminent chemist, and had received a letter in reply, stating that there was an invention by a Mr. Hodgson of a kind of starch prepared with an infusion of alum, or muriate of ammonia, and that muslin stiffened with this would not ignite. He produced several pieces of muslin so prepared and subjected them to the flame of a candle, but although the texture would become perfectly red hot, it would not produce any flame. The Coroner also expressed his regret that the lamps alluded to had not been guarded by a lattice-work of wire, which would prevent the possibility of the dresses of the performers coming in contact with them. (Hear, hear, from the jurors.) The number of deaths from burning and scalding which continually occurred in the metropolis was perfectly surprising; and most of them resulting from the want of the commonest precautions. He had one such case the previous day at the Royal Free Hospital, in the Gray's Inn-road, and another in the parish of Kensington.

Mr. Wall, the foreman of the jury, concurred in the observations which had fallen from the Coroner, and expressed the opinion of the jury that greater precautions than those at present adopted were necessary at our public theatres, considering the dangers to which the female artists were exposed. In this melancholy case there was not a bucket of water at hand, or an asbestos dress to throw over the burning clothes of the deceased.

The jury then recorded a verdict of "Accidental death."

Mr. Wakley condoled with Mrs. Webster on the distressing calamity.

EMIGRANTS ON THEIR WAY TO THE PLACE OF EMBARKATION.

In the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, of April 13, in the present year, we gave a full account, with picturesque views, of the embarkation of Emigrants for Sydney, together with an engraving of the ship St. Vincent, a scene in the between-decks, and plans of the accommodations on board, &c. Since that time Emigration has been progressively going on, not only to the South Seas, but also to the Canadas, and vast numbers of persons have availed themselves of the Government grant to quit their native shores for the purpose of seeking a better subsistence in the land of the stranger; and when we look at the existing condition of a considerable portion of our agricultural and manufacturing population, it excites but little wonder that a feverish restlessness should arise for change, though, unfortunately, it but too frequently happens, that a removal from one locality causes very trifling improvement, if any at all, in another. Like disease, we may change the place of our abode, but still keep the pain.

By a vote of the House of Commons a large sum was appropriated to enable families, and single men and women, to emigrate, free of expense—the men to consist of agricultural labourers, shepherds, bricklayers, and masons, wheelwrights, smiths, carpenters, &c.; and the single women and single men not to be less than eighteen years of age, and under thirty. A form of application is sent up to the agents, stating the place to which the applicant wishes to emigrate, their name written by themselves (if they can write), whether in the receipt of parish relief, and if so, for how long? their present place of residence, and other minor particulars, together with the trade or calling of each, age at the last birth day, and certificate of baptism. The applicants are likewise required to make a declaration that they have read the regulations for the selection of emigrants; have neither by themselves nor any other person paid, or authorized to be paid, any sum of money beyond the Government bounty, excepting £1 for bedding, box, and utensils, and they must pledge themselves to conform to the rules for the management and welfare of all on board, and not leave the ship until she reaches her destination. With these documents must be forwarded certificates, signed by two respectable householders, not being publicans, or dealers in beer or spirits (why this latter exclusion should be made we really cannot see), that they have known the applicants (for the time mentioned) working at their occupation, and that they believe them to be honest, industrious, sober—of general good character, and not likely to be-

come a burthen to the Colony. The next requisites are the certificates of a physician or a surgeon, as to bodily health; of a magistrate, Protestant Clergyman, or Catholic Priest, that the signatures to the other certificates are genuine. These forms are invariably used in all cases of unmarried men and women, and those for married people with families are much the same, except that the plural is used instead of the singular.

It has been generally supposed that the free emigrants are all paupers, glad to escape from the thraldom and confinement of a union workhouse; but this is a great mistake. There may be, and no doubt are, many of this character, but the chief portion are cottagers, most of whom have never received parish relief—families struggling with numerous difficulties to gain a precarious livelihood, and enduring severe privations and hardships in the inclement season of winter; and some few are persons who have been better off in the world, but, reduced by unforeseen events, are desirous of speculating with their little remnant of property, under a hope of retrieving their circumstances, and amongst these may be found individuals whose wounded pride cannot bear the thoughts of their old associates and friends witnessing their descent to poverty.

The general age of married men and women who wish to take advantage of the grant must be under forty at the time of embarkation, and parents who are still hale and capable of work, between forty and fifty years old, with grown-up children, are taken, provided some of the latter are above ten years of age, according to the following proportions:—

40 and under 42 they must have 1 child above 10	
42 .. 44 ..	2 children ..
44 .. 46 ..	3
46 .. 48 ..	4
48 .. 50 ..	5

and there have been, even at this latter period of life, many who have braved the perils of the ocean—

"Hope and enterprise filling the sails
With their eager breath"

in order to locate themselves in an Eldorado of the imagination—unmindful of "Home, sweet Home," amidst the soil that is sanctified by the ashes of their forefathers; and, let the descendants be in what part of the habitable globe they may, they will still look towards England, and give no other place the name of "Home." It is no difficult matter to quit the land of our nativity; but whilst the pulses of existence continue to throb in the human frame, the link which binds us to the spot where our eyes first opened to the light of Heaven, as we hung upon the bosom of a mother, can never be broken. We have known settlers in various parts of the world who have been residents there thirty, ay, even forty years, and though on the verge of eternity, still their hearts beat, dearest affections, have been bound up with England, Ireland, or Scotland, and they have longed to lay their perishing remains by the side of kindred dust.

Beside the free emigrants, are what are denominated stowage passengers—that is, those who pay for their voyage out according to a fixed scale, and generally consist of young men willing to push their fortunes, or having colonial appointments—eccentric talent and genius, longing to rifle the treasures of a new world—cautious speculators in human wants and human miseries—debtors who have lived too freely in England, and consequently wish to cut the acquaintance of their creditors with a long list of etceteras. Some have prospered exceedingly; more have returned back, much worse than they set out, whilst in numerical superiority the greater part lie buried in the silent grave.

Yet all this is going on apparently without exciting the slightest observation from those who remain behind. Thousands quit the rural villages of this country to embark for far distant lands, and yet but little notice is taken of it. The political quack doctors of the times assert, that as phlebotomy is necessary to allow of an unrestrained action of the heart, so is running off the blood of kindred requisite to preserve a healthy state of society; otherwise, as the veins get clogged with the overflux of the stream of life, so is a superabundant population calculated to produce an unnatural and diseased condition amongst the community in general. It perhaps would be well if these empirics, with those who manufacture the nostrums, were shipped in bulk to experience the effects of their own prescriptions.

It has hitherto proved manifest that emigrants have not been lacking. Hundreds go out every month, and from what we have seen of the men, women, and children, they are certainly some of the finest specimens of the sons and daughters of Old England. We had frequently remarked this on former occasions, whilst witnessing their embarkation, and last week we had an opportunity of seeing an intermediate stage, between their acceptance as emigrants and departure from the enduring haunts of childhood, and the arrival at the depot near the Royal Dockyard at Deptford—which, to do the agents justice, is fitted up very comfortably for their reception. This intermediate stage forms the subject of our illustration. There were two covered or tilted farmer's hay-waggons—one from a parish in Buckinghamshire, and the other (we believe) from the neighbourhood of Northampton; they had joined company on the road. The women and children, with but few exceptions, occupied the conveyances, which were loaded with packages, bundles, and boxes; a few of the more elderly females walked on the pathway by the side of their husbands and sons; the younger men trudging it with seeming glee, and carrying various articles we conjecture for immediate use. It was indeed a most picturesque spectacle, and well worthy the pencil of the artist. The leafless trees and hedges—the miry road, with its long serpentine wheel tracks; the yellow waggons, with their inanimate and living freight, covered with light canvass; the women habited in blue or red cloaks; the men in their frocks blending in colour with the many hues of the bundles; and, above all, the object of their journey was well calculated to excite human sympathy. Yet no one appeared sad or sorrowful—on the contrary, all seemed to be cheerful; and their clean and decent appearances bore witness to the propriety of their general habits; the whole looked remarkably healthy, especially the children. By this time they are on their way to other regions; may prosperity and happiness attend them!

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

COMMISSION OF LUNACY.—On Tuesday a commission of lunacy was opened before Mr. Commissioner Winslow, at the Swan Tavern, Bridge-road, Battersea, to investigate as to the state of mind of Mr. John Smith, aged 69, formerly a wine merchant, described in the commission as "late of King-street, Golden-square, but now of Culmstock place, Bridge-road, Battersea." Among other evidence of lunacy the following facts were stated:—About three years since he went out, and on being met by his second son in Red Lion-square, and asked where he was going? he said he was going to Newgate for the purpose of being hung, as he had robbed the country, and was also a murderer. On a subsequent occasion the son followed him when he went out. On this occasion Mr. Smith went to Newgate, and rang the bell at Mr. Cope's (the governor's) door, and was answered by a female. On being asked what he wanted, he said he wanted to see Mr. Cope, as he wished to be hung for having robbed the country. The jury returned a verdict, "That Mr. John Smith was of unsound mind, and had been so since the 1st of January, 1840."

THE LORD MAYOR AND ST. STEPHEN'S, WALBROOK.—In the Court of Common Pleas on Thursday, the case of Gibbs and another v. Flight and another, which involved the most vexed questions respecting the accounts of the parish of St. Stephen, Walbrook, was brought forward and excited much interest in court. It was an action of trover brought by Mr. Ald. Gibbs (the present Lord Mayor) as perpetual churchwarden of the parish of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, nominally to recover possession of certain parish books, now in the possession of the defendant, but actually to try the legality of the select vestry existing in the parish. After a mass of documentary evidence had been read, counsel on both sides agreed that a nominal verdict for the plaintiff should be entered, subject to a special case for the consideration of the court above. Verdict entered for the plaintiff accordingly.

Mr. Edward King, residing at 2, Kensington-gardens, Brighton, died a few days ago in his 100th year. Mr. King was a clerk in the Middle-street Brewery before the time even of the late Mr. William Wigney, and continued in the counting-house till he was nearly 80 years old.

There is to be an investiture of the Knights of St. Patrick on the 4th of January. It is said that the Marquis of Waterford and the Earl of Rosse are to be the new Knights, in the place of the late Marquis of Donegal and Earl Talbot, who has just received the Order of the Garter.

On the 20th ult., about mid-day, a fire broke out at Constantinople, in the quarter called Aladja Haman, a short distance from the port, and consumed about fifty houses, and a great number of shops.

Upwards of 3000 persons were assembled at Paris on Sunday in the Hall aux Draps, to witness the ceremony of the distribution of prizes, by the Prefect of the Seine, to the journeymen who have attended with the best success the lectures of the Professors at the Association Polytechnique. The scene was striking. The Prefect delivered an impressive address, and several musical compositions were sung by the pupils of the Association.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—"B. S. J."—In the problem alluded to, the difficulty is to mate with a Pawn and not with the Queen. In the stratagems of chess, those problems employing what are termed capt Pawns, are the most ingenious. To his second question: Yes.

"A. M."—Yes.

"Velocipede."—It is not stalemate if B has any pieces to move. If the King cannot move, A can oblige him to move his pieces. Stalemate is now recognized as a drawn game. The third question is uninteresting.

"A. B." Pocklington.—Try to find it out: it is so very easy.

Communications are thankfully acknowledged from "S. R. C." and "E. Burbridge" (whose problem is too simple).

"T. P."—Under the circumstances, the King can castle. The second question is answered above. 50 moves are allowed to mate your adversary's King at the end of the game; if you cannot checkmate after trying so long, you do not deserve to win. It must be then dismissed as a drawn game.

"R. H. B."—When the King castles on his Queen's side, he moves only two squares, the Rook occupying the Queen's square.

"D. D."—Two Queens are allowable.

There has been no time within our recollection, and we are old sinners at chess, so replete with excitement to the lovers of this noble game as this present period. No fewer than five or six matches by correspondence are in progress—chess dinners—fêtes &c., are continually being given. That excellent periodical "The Chess Player's

Chronicle," promises an increased fund of amusement during the ensuing year; and the "Palamede" for November, just come to hand, presents us with a chess vaudeville. What next. Eight pages too of correspondence relative to the forthcoming match between England and France. When will this sad match commence? The unfortunate check given to Mr. Staunton by that malicious player *fever* has made him *caste* whether he would or no; this, together with the difficulty of deciding the number of games to each *def*, and the mode of opening several of the games, places this interesting fight in a peculiarly perplexing predicament. We hope, for the sake of our readers, the games will shortly begin; if they do not, we shall feel obliged to challenge the "Palamede" or "Chess Player's Chronicle" to play a match with our illustrious selves. Sorry should we be, to be driven to so dreadful an alternative, as exciting to ourselves as it would be, we fear, tedious to our readers.

Solution to our last.

The solution sent by J. C. is correct and good. We however, prefer the following:—

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Bp to Q R's sq	King takes Bishop (best)
2. Rook to Q Kt 4th	King moves
3. King moves anywhere	King to adv. R sq
4. Kt to Q B 3d	Pawn moves
5. Rook mates at Q Kt sq	

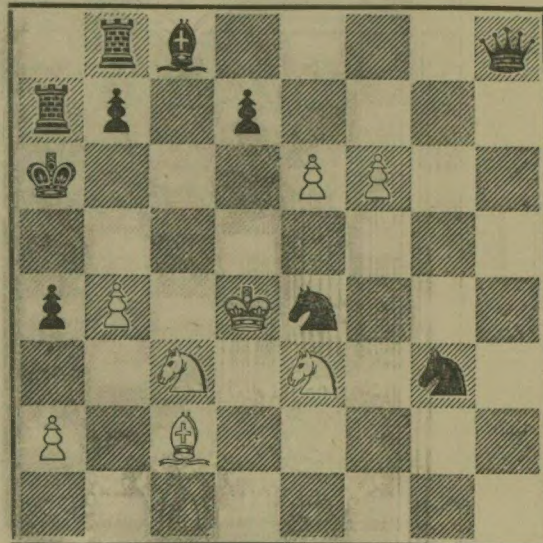
Erratum. In our last Solution, for B checks at Q Kt 2nd, read B checks at his square.

PROBLEM. No. 53.

The following excellent example of a conclusion of a game, is taken from "La Palamede," Nov. 15, just received

White to move and mate in seven moves.

BLACK.



WHITE.

The Solution in our next.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

* In consequence of the largely increased circulation of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, the charge for Advertisements, in future, will be 7s. for the first four lines, and 1s. 3d. per line after.

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GENERAL TOM THUMB.—THE AMERICAN MAN IN MINIATURE will return to London, and hold his PUBLIC LEVÉES at the Gallery in Suffolk-street, Pall-mall, commencing Monday, December 28, and continuing through the Week, after which he leaves for the Continent.—Whilst in Edinburgh, the General was presented with a beautiful Highland Dress, of the Royal Stuart Tartan, manufactured by Messrs. Meyer and Mortimer, in which he will appear at each exhibition, in addition to his Citizen, Napoleon, and Court Dress. Hours of Exhibition from Eleven to One, Three to Five, and from Seven to Nine; Doors Open half-an-hour previous. Admission (regardless of age), 1s.

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CONTENTS FOR JANUARY, 1845,
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TO FLUTE PLAYERS.—The Fluticon for December, No. 133, contains 13 excellent Polkas. No. 132 contains the Opera of Anna Bolina; 124, Furiani; 125, Zampa; 127, Jullien's English Quadrilles, with variations; 117, Rossini's Matel; 120, Massiniello; 97, Norma; 96, Auber's Diamonds; 95, Sonnambula; 97, Jullien's Irish Quadrilles, with variations. Every number contains an opera, or equivalent for 8d. Sent post free for 12 stamps, addressed to the editor, 23, Paternoster-row. SHAW-WOODS; TUNNIE, 19, Poultry.

CHRISTMAS PRESENT.
THE PROSE WORKS OF SIR EDWARD BULWER-LYTTON, Bart., in Twelve 6s. Volumes, bound and gilt, containing "Rienzi," "Maltravers," "Godolphin," "Pilgrims of the Rhine," "Student," "England and the English," "Paul Clifford," "Eugene Aram," "Last Days of Pompeii," "Pelham," "Devereux," and "The Disowned." The Volumes which were out of print have been reprinted, the Series can now be had complete, or any Volumes separately. Also, by the Same Author, Third Edition, price 5s., **EVA—THE ILL-MARRIED MARRIAGE,** and other Poems.—"Full of a fine spirit of thought and sympathy."—Atlas.
THE LAST OF THE BARONS. 3 Vols.—"The most splendid Romance Sir E. B. Lytton has ever penned; the very best book to which he has given his name."—Dublin Evening Mail.
SAUNDERS and O'LEARY, Publishers, Conduit-street.

JONES'S £4 4s. SILVER LEVER WATCHES are selling at the Manufactory, 338, Strand, opposite Somerset House. They comprise every modern improvement, and are warranted not to vary more than half a minute per week. The great reduction of price at once sets aside all rivalry either of the Swiss manufacturers or any other house.—Read Jones's Sketch of Watchwork, sent free for a 2d. stamp.

EAST INDIA APPOINTMENTS.—Cadets and Assistant Surgeons appointed to India may receive, on application to Messrs. THRESEHER and GLENNY, 152, Strand, a detailed list of the necessary OUTFIT for INDIA, with full particulars of shipping, passage, the overland route, &c. N.B. Threasher's India gauze waistcoats, the most essential article of India clothing, can only be procured at this establishment, 152, Strand.

BAKER'S PHEASANTRY, Beaufort-street, King's-road, Chelsea. By special appointment, to the Queen and H.R.H. Prince Albert. Gold, Silver, and Common tame bred Pheasants; any quantity can be supplied for stocking Preserves. Useful and ornamental Poultry. A great variety of Water Fowl, including Black Swans, Labrador and Carolina Ducks, &c. Some pure Cochins-China Fowl, &c., and at No. 2, Half-moon-passage, Gracechurch-street Pure China Pigs, &c.

FUR TRAVELLING DRESSES.—Argyll Rooms, 246, Regent-street.—The Proprietors of the HUDSON'S BAY FUR ESTABLISHMENT have manufactured a variety of FUR TRAVELLING DRESSES particularly adapted for the present season, consisting of fur cloaks, fur linings, fur boots, fur gloves, fur caps, fur hosiery, cravats, and scarfs, fur wrappers and envelopes, foot muffs and carriage baskets, fur mats and rugs. Furs sent on approval to all parts of the Kingdom.—Hudson's Bay Fur Establishment, Argyll Rooms, 246, Regent-street.—CHARLES COOK, Acting Proprietor.

FOR WINTER WRAPPERS, GREAT COATS, and OUTSIDE GARMENTS, of all kinds, see BERDOE'S WATERPROOF CLOTHING ESTABLISHMENT, 69, Cornhill, where an inspection is confidently invited, of a large and Superior Stock of first rate garments of the above description, at reasonable charges, and really Waterproof; also, of BERDOE'S WELL KNOWN PROOF, for all Seasons (which has completely superseded the "Macintosh"), SHOOTING JACKETS, &c. The above made to measure at the same charges, in a few hours.—W. BERDOE, Tailor, Waterproofer, &c., 69, Cornhill (North Side).

CULTIVATION of the HAIR.—This is admitted on all hands to be a department of the toilet of peculiar importance in reference to personal appearance, and in order effectually to bring the Hair under control, innumerable have been the preparations offered for this purpose. The palm may, however, justly be awarded to OLDREDGE'S BALM OF COLUMBIA, which produces eyebrows, prevents the hair from turning gray, and the first application causes it to curl beautifully, frees it from scurf, and stops it from falling off. Price 3s. 6d., 6s., and 11s. per bottle. No other prices are genuine. Oldredge's Balm, 1, Wellington-street, the second house from the Strand.

FLAT PATENT LEVER WATCHES, London-made, with the late improvement of placing the balance level with the other wheels of the watch, so as to render it flat for the waistcoat pocket, with the detached escapement, capped and jewelled in four holes, hand to mark the seconds, hard enamel dial, maintaining power to continue the action of the watch while winding, are offered in silver engine-turned cases, price six guineas each, or hunting cases six guineas and a half. An undertaking is given, with fixed terms on which the watches will always receive attention. T. COX SAVORY, Watchmaker, Jeweller, &c., 47 Cornhill (seven doors from Gracechurch-street), London. N.B.—Second-hand watches purchased in exchange.

GIBBINS CREAM OF ROSES AND ROSEMARY.—This esteemed and elegant Article is most respectfully offered to the Public, by GIBBINS, Court Hairdresser and Perfumer (from Paris), 7, King-street, St. James's-square, as the most delicate and effectual Preservative of the Hair. Being a pomade, it will be successfully applied in promoting its growth and luxuriance.

GIBBINS' EXTRACT OF ROSES AND ROSEMARY is a liquid made from the above-named plants, and when applied in washing the Hair, renders it soft and glossy; or, after illness, its astringent properties prevent the Hair from falling off.
No. 7, King-street, St. James's-square, London.

SIR GEORGE MONOUX'S GRAMMAR SCHOOL, WALTHAMSTOW, ESSEX: (Founded 1527). Conducted by Mr. R. WATKINS. In union with the Essex Branch of the London Diocesan Board of Education, under whose direction the School is periodically inspected. Number of Boarders limited to Twelve Terms including all charges for Stationery (except printed Books), Washing, Mending Linen, and use of a separate Bed, 25 Guineas. Pupils under eight years of age, 22 Guineas. Reference can be made to the Rev. W. Wilson, B.D., Vicar, and A. Evans, Esq., Surgeon, Walthamstow; A. Barrie, Esq., 4, Bernard-street, Russell-square; and Mr. Elliott, Messrs. Bayford's, Great Knight Rider-street, Doctors' Commons.

GROSSMITH'S ESTABLISHMENT, 135, Strand, Conducted by Mr. CHARLES GROSSMITH, Jun., Another Chest of the NEW COMPO SCENT, from the choicest flowers of Europe, 1s. per bottle, will be opened this day, Saturday; and also the third chest of the Razor Strip Perfector, 6d., which produces a fine keen edge to the dullest cast off razor. These new productions will be found to accord in excellence with Grossmith's Reading Shaving Soap, 1s.; Hair Nourisher, 1s.; Preserver for the Lips and Hands, 1s.; Tooth Powder, 9d.; Wash Cakes, to soften the skin, 6d.; Family Dye, 3d., or five 1s. All of which are too well known to require comment; they stand upon the recommendation of the thousands who use them constantly.—Observe! No other House in London.

DRAWING GALLERY, 183, Maddox-street, Regent-street.—Early in January, this Gallery will be re-opened for the study of Model Drawing and Practical Perspective, the Human Figure and Anatomy. The Evening Classes, for the study of the Human Figure and Anatomy, will be conducted by Mr. T. Hogford. The Evening Classes, for the study of Model Drawing and Practical Perspective, and the Elementary Drawing of the Human Figure on the method of M. Dupuis, by Mr. A. Deacon. The Elementary Classes will have the advantages of M. Dupuis' system of Model Drawing (so extensively adopted by the various Governments in Europe), combined with Mr. Deacon's simplified method of instruction.—Further particulars will be announced.
W. ROBT. DICKINSON, Secretary.
Information respecting the Classes will be afforded on application at Messrs. DICKINSON'S Lithographic Establishment, 114, New Bond-street.

FURS.—IMPORTANT NOTICE TO PURCHASERS.—The Proprietors of the HUDSON'S BAY FUR WAREHOUSE, Argyll Rooms, 246, Regent-street, consider it necessary, for the protection of the public, to state explicitly that they have no other ESTABLISHMENT, or BRANCH ESTABLISHMENT in this country, and that they cannot be answerable for the quality of any Furs purchased elsewhere. But they would suggest to buyers the propriety of their calling at the ARGYLL ROOMS before they complete their purchases, where any information as to the quality or value of furs will be readily afforded. The Proprietors would direct attention to a varied collection of splendid and magnificent fures, which they have just introduced, under the highest patronage, among which "The CZARINA," "The POLKA PELISER," "The MARQUESE PELISER," "The MUFF," and "FLOUNCE," and the "SPANISH MANTILLA" especially deserve the consideration of the fashionable world.
Argyll Rooms, 246, Regent-street.
CHARLES COOK, Acting Proprietor.

HEAL and SON'S LIST of BEDDING.—Containing a full description of weights, sizes, and prices, by which purchasers are enabled to judge the articles that are best suited to make a good set of Bedding, sent free by post. HEAL and SON, Feather Dressers and Bedding Manufacturers, 196, Tottenham-court-road.

FRENCH CUSTARD POWDER. The only Genuine article for making Custards in a few minutes, sold Wholesale by BAXTER, King's-road Chelsea. Messrs. CROSSER and BLACKWELL, Soho square, London, and all Druggists and Grocers. Price 1s.

MR. BLAICKLEY, PORTRAIT PAINTER, begs respectfully to intimate that he has removed to No. 6, Percy-street, Rathbone place, where Specimens of his Chalk and Crayon Drawings, and Portraits in Oil, may always be seen. Mr. BLAICKLEY continues to give Instruction in Drawing and Painting privately, or at his own Rooms.—Just Published, Six Studies of Heads, tinted, price 2s. each.

FOR CHAPPED HANDS.—SELWAY'S CAMPHOR BALLS, prepared only by SELKIN, 2, New Cavendish street. For land sale, and sold by him, and SARGENT, 150, Oxford-street; WINSTANLEY and SON, 7, Poultry; WILKINSON and Co., 61, Bishopsgate-street-without; and all respectable Patent Medicine Vendors. In jars at 1s. and 2s. each.

PAPIER MACHE PICTURE FRAMES.—C. F. BIELEFELD invites Artists, Printers, &c., to inspect his stock of frames for Paintings, Prints, &c. They will be found perfect fac-similes of the finest carvings at prices not exceeding those of the ordinary frames. An Illustrated Tariff forwarded by post on receipt of 8 Post-office stamps. Works, 15, Wellington-street North, Strand.

NOTICE TO INVENTORS.—Office for Patents of Inventions and Registrations of Designs, 14, Lincoln's-inn-fields. The printed Instructions gratis, and every information upon the subject of Protection for Inventions, either by Letters Patent or the Designs Act, may be had by applying personally, or by letter, pre-paid, to Mr. Alexander Prince, at the office, 14, Lincoln's-inn-fields.

ORNAMENTS in ALABASTER, MARBLE, BRONZE, &c.—J. TENNANT, 140, Strand, has just received an elegant Assortment of Vases, Figures, Groups, Candlesticks, Inkstands, Tables, Paper-weights, &c., for the Drawing-room, Library, and Dining-room.—He also arranges Elementary Collections of Minerals and Fossils, to facilitate the Study of Mineralogy and Geology.

FASHIONABLE DANCING.—MR. LLOYD (and Female Assistants) instruct persons of all ages (privately and in company), and in a few Easy Lessons prepare them for Evening Parties.—N.B. Polka, Mazurka, and Valse Soirées, and Solo and Adult Classes for Music, Exercises, Fencing, Dancing, &c., at the St. James's Institution, 97, Quadrant, Regent-street; with private and carriage entrance in Swallow-street.

FORTNUM, MASON, and Co., beg to announce their Annual Selections of BONBONS, BONBONNIERS, and other Novelties, from FRANCE and GERMANY; also, Preserved and Dried Fruits for Desserts and Culinary purposes; Perigord, Strasbourg, and Yorkshire Pies, Boars' Heads and a variety of savoury condiments for the breakfast, luncheon, dinner, and supper table.
Foreign Warehouse, 182, Piccadilly.

WORTHY OF NOTICE TO EVERYBODY.—H. RODRIGUES, 21, Piccadilly, supplies Envelopes 6d. per 100; Bath Post 4d. per quire, 6s. 6d. per ream; Note 3d. per quire, 4s. 6d. per ream almost all colours 10d. per quire, 15s. per ream; Quills 2s. per 100; Best Sealing Wax, ten sticks for 1s., 4s. 6d. per lb. and a description of Stationery cheaper and better than any house in London. Compare the prices. Name Plate elegantly engraved, and 100 superfine cards, 4s. 6d.
Observe—H. RODRIGUES, 21, Piccadilly.

THE CHEAPEST TALLOW CANDLES.—Those who burn these are recommended to make one trial whether PRICE'S PATENT CANDLES do not give so much more light as to be in reality cheaper. They may be had of respectable Dealers throughout the Kingdom, if care be taken to procure any imitations being passed off as the Patent Candles, and the Trade may obtain them wholesale from EDWARD PRICE and Co., Belmont, Vauxhall; and PALMER and Co., Sutton-street, Clerkenwell.

NEEDLEWORK DRAWINGS of HERALDRY, and Emblematic Patterns for Ladies of Nobility and Gentry to Embroider therefrom, warranted to be accurately coloured, from descriptions. Engravings on Bees, Coronets, Crests, Mortars, &c. 3s. 6d. each. Single Coats of Arms, 7s. each, upon checked paper, four inches square, of 6400 stitches. Family Arms found, and Embroidered on Velum, Silk, Glass, &c., by Messrs. HARRISON and SONS, Genealogists and Professors of Heraldry, 23, Great Portland-street, Portland-place.—N.B. Arabesque Designs, from Continental Studios.

ROYAL HUMANE SOCIETY.—SKATING SEASON.—The Committee of this Institution earnestly request that no gratuity whatever be given to the ice-men in the Parks. If the public will support the institution, the Committee will be enabled to continue its efficient measures.—Donations and subscriptions will be thankfully received at the Receiving House in Hyde Park; the Marqueses in the other Parks; and at BARNARD and Co's, 50, Cornhill; DRAUMOND and Co's, Charing cross; by BENJAMIN HAWES, Esq., Treasurer, 38, Brunswick-square; or at the Society's Office, 8, Trafalgar square, Charing cross, by Dec. 11, 1844.
J. CHARLIER, Sec.

RHEUMATISM, GOUT, CHILBLAINS, &c.—MR. CABURN has been honoured with a letter from a nobleman of distinction near Limerick, Ireland, expressing of the great benefit and almost instantaneous relief experienced from the use of his oil in a very severe attack of rheumatism in the back and shoulders, which communication, together with many others from persons of distinction, may be seen at his Dispensary, King's cross, London, where the Oil may be had in bottles at 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and of all principal vendors in the Kingdom. It is positively under the sanction and recommendation of the Nobility and Faculty, as may be seen in Bradshaw's Railway Guide. Ask for Caburn's Oil for the Cure of Rheumatism, likewise a Sovereign Remedy for Chilblains.

COGAN and GILLO'S NOVARGENT, or SILVER SOLUTION, re-silver worn out Plated Articles, by instantly depositing a Coating of Pure Silver, and Preserves and Cleanses Silver, Plated Ware, and German Silver. It is used with less trouble than cleaning, and is warranted not to contain Mercury or anything injurious. It has been highly approved of by Dr. Ryan, Professor of Chemistry to the Royal Polytechnic Institution, and other eminent Chemists and Silversmiths. Sold by BARCLAY and SONS, 95, Farringdon-st., London; and by JOSEPH RODGERS and SONS, 6, Norfolk-st., Sheffield; in bottles, with full directions, at 1s. and 3s. each, and to be had of all respectable Chemists, Silversmiths, and Furnishing Ironmongers in the Kingdom. Beware of Imitations: the Genuine are all signed on the wrapper, by I. D. COGAN and R. GILLO.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.—COSTLY SILKS are still being sold at 1s. 7½d. per Yard, in a great variety of styles, which has caused much excitement in St. Paul's Churchyard during the last week—HALL and ALLAN having purchased, by tender, the entire STOCK of Mr. R. Fulcher, 5, Brighton place, Hackney-road (an Insolvent), consisting of general Drapery, Haberdashery, &c., are selling some very decided Bargains in real Sable Muffs and Bosas, very appropriate for Presents at this season. There is still remaining a variety of Polka Cloaks, Paisley Shawls, and Cashmere Dresses, which are really very cheap. H. and A. beg to inform those Ladies who were obliged to leave before getting attended to, that they purpose making their Wholesale Warehouses available, for the accommodation of retail customers during this week.
Waterloo House, 59, 70, and 71, St. Paul's Churchyard.

WINTER OVER COATS, WRAPPERS, &c.—Messrs. BURCH and LUCAS (late J. Albert) respectfully invite gentlemen to view their new and fashionable assortment of PATENT and BEAUFORT BEAVERS, FANCY VESTINGS, TROUSERS, &c., for the approaching season. The style and cut of every garment are guaranteed equal to any of the first houses at the West-end, at prices in unison with the economy of the economy, in being so great, that gentlemen who may do the honours will be perfectly satisfied with the garments that leave their establishment. A large assortment of Great Coats ready made in all the different and most approved forms agreeable to the prevailing taste; being made under the superintendence of the proprietors, they are enabled to speak confidently as to their superiority over all garments of a slop description, the which are entirely excluded from this establishment.—2, King William-street, London-bridge, opposite the Statue.

WATCHES by WEBSTER and SON, Chronometer-makers to the Lords of the Admiralty.—W. and Son's establishment for the manufacture of Watches and Clocks is the oldest in London, having continued in Cornhill 134 years. An extensive stock for selection, finished with the utmost care, at the lowest prices, consistent with security for the finest manufacture and the maintenance of that reputation for superior workmanship which has distinguished their house for so many years. Compensated duplex and lever Watches, to counteract the variations of temperature, upon the principle of their chronometers, to which Government awarded the prizes three years in succession; small elegant lever and horizontal watches in gold cases, engraved or engine-turned for ladies or gentlemen; small flat silver detached lever and horizontal watches, for youth, at very moderate prices; marine and pocket Chronometers, new and second hand; ornamental and every description of Clocks; Regulators upon the most approved principle. Superior workmen are employed upon the premises in the repairing department, for English and foreign work. The utmost value allowed for old Watches in exchange. Webster and Son's publication, with their quotation table for the present year, will be sent free on the receipt of two postage stamps—74, Cornhill.

CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES.—At this peculiar season of festivity and mirth, when friends and lovers assemble at the social board, or wait in the giddy mazes of the dance, how does the heart more than usually desirous of shining in personal attraction, and devote a greater share of attention to the toilet; it is, at this particular season, that the Virtues and singularly Happy Properties of those Auxiliaries of Personal Beauty, ROWLAND'S UNIQUE PREPARATIONS shine pre-eminent in their power; while the rich luxuriant tress, the white and swan-like neck, and the pearly set of teeth, form admirable trophies of their Inestimable Qualities! The August Patronage conceded by our Gracious Queen, and the several Sovereigns of Europe, together with the Beauties which adorn the circles of Princely and Regal Magnificence; and the confirmation by experience of the infallible efficacy of these creative renovating Elixirs, have characterized the theme of the poet; they are celebrated in the periodical literature of the whole civilized world; the lays of Byron; and the voice of the universal press, have proclaimed the incomparable virtues of the "Oil Maccassar," and of its accompanying preparations. As presents for both sexes, none can be more recommendatory, or more now in general use.

ROWLAND'S MACCASSAR OIL is a Delightfully Fragrant and Transparent Preparation for the Hair; and as an invigorator and beautifier, is beyond all precedent; it bestows the most brilliant gloss, together with a strong tendency to curl.—Price, 3s. 6d., 7s., Family Bottles (equivalent to four small), 10s. 6d., and double that size, 21s. per bottle.
ROWLAND'S KALYDOR is an Odoriferous Creamy Liquid—the only safe and efficacious preparation for dissipating every Imperfection of the Skin—the radiant bloom it imparts to the Cheek, and the softness and delicacy it induces on the Hands, Arms, and Neck, render it indispensable to every toilet.—Price, 4s. 6d. and 8s. 6d. per bottle, duty included.

ROWLAND'S ODONTO, or PEARL DENTIFRICE, a White Powder, compounded of the rarest and most fragrant exotics.—It bestows on the Teeth a Pearl-like Whiteness, frees them from Tartar, and imparts to the Gums a healthy firmness, and to the Breath a grateful sweetness and perfume.—Price, 2s. 9d. per box, duty included.
CAUTION.—Unprincipled Shopkeepers, for the sake of gaining a trifling profit, vend the most Spurious Compounds under the same names (some under the implied sanction of Royalty). It is therefore imperative on purchasers to see that the word "ROWLAND'S" is on the wrapper of each Article. For the protection of the public from fraud and imposition, the Hon. Commissioners of her Majesty's Stamps have authorized the Proprietors' Signature to be engraved on the Government Stamp, thus—
"A. ROWLAND and SON, 20, HATTON-GARDEN," which is affixed on the KALYDOR and ODONTO.—Sold by the principal Chemists and Perfumers.—* All others are FRAUDULENT IMITATIONS!!!

ASTHMA AND CONSUMPTION.—Just Published, price 1s. 6d. by post, 1s. 4d.—PACIFIC, illustrating the CURE of ASTHMA and the Prevention of CONSUMPTION. By Dr. SILVER, 70, Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury.—London: Sherwood and Co., 17, Strand; Ollivier, 59, Pall-mall; and all Booksellers.

THE PETIT COURIER des DAMES, or JOURNAL of FRENCH FASHION.—A and J. FULLER respectfully inform the Nobility and Gentry, that the above Journal of Fashion, so much admired for its elegant Female Costumes, is now enlarged and more beautifully illustrated with Coloured Figures, and other departments of fashionable dress. Arrives from Paris every week, and delivered to the Subscribers at 12s. 6d. the Quarter, and 42s. 6d. the Year, and postage free to all parts of the Kingdom at 16s. 6d. the Quarter, or 42s. 6d. the Year. N.B. The Journal des Demoiselles appears on the 15th of each month, price 10s. the Year's subscription.

THE MUSICAL BIJOU FOR 1845. Price 15s., is now ready. Unique in the splendour of its embellishments, this magnificent Volume forms the most appropriate Christmas, New Year, or Birth-day Cadeau, containing upwards of one hundred contributions by the most popular Authors and Composers, including Songs, Ballads, Vocal Duets, Quadrilles, Polkas, Waltzes, &c. The illustrations, in the illuminated style, from originals in the British Museum, are executed in a manner which may be fairly denominated the triumph of decorative art.

MONTHLY BELLE ASSEMBLEE for DECEMBER, a Fashionable and Literary Magazine, under the immediate Patronage of her Royal Highness THE DUCHESS OF KENT. Is beautifully illustrated with finely-finished PORTRAITS OF THE NOBILITY, AND CONTAINS AN EXQUISITE ENGRAVING OF LORD BYRON'S LAURA, AND TWO COLOURED PLATES OF THE FASHIONS, Finished in the First Style, as they arrive from Paris.

CONTENTS:
Florence, or Woman's Friendship. By Rosa Leyton, the Protégée. By P. P. C.
Grace Aguir. The Blind Man to his Child. By Miss M. H. Acton
The Poet's Dream. By W. Robson
Serenade. By Georgina C. Munro
Christmas Festivities. By W. G. J. Barker, Esq.
Mystery. By David Lester Richardson
The Poet's Complaint. By C. H. Hitchings
The Suicide's Grave
Little Letty. By Elizabeth Youatt. Author of the "Blind Man and his Guide"
The Poor Man's Prayer. By Rose Acton
My Picture Gallery. No. XII. By Calder Campbell
Pretenders and Possessors. By the late Miss Jewsbury
The Painter. By William Henry Fisk
The Monomaniac. By Miss M. A. Youatt
The Mighty Dead. By Camilla Toulmin
Price 1s. 6d.—May be had, by order, of all Booksellers.—Office, 24, Norfolk Street, Strand.

THE FARMERS' MAGAZINE, for DECEMBER, 1844, is embellished with
PLATE I.—PORTRAIT of MR. STEPHEN GRANTHAM.
PLATE II.—A DEVON BULL.

CONTENTS:
Memoir of Mr. Stephen Grantham
Some Observations upon Insects which prey upon Wheat, during its Growth, and in the Granary. By Sir Oswald Moyley, Bart.
The Allomment System and the Game Laws. By a Tenant Farmer
The Earl of Euston and the Game Laws
College of Chemistry
Professor Liebig at Glasgow
The Highland and Agricultural Society's Show of Seed-wheat, and Meeting of the Agricultural Chemistry Association
Isle of Sheppey Agricultural Association to promote Industry and reward Merit
Remarks on the Agriculture of Ireland
Farmers' Club House
Repeal of the Malt Tax
Death of the Right Hon. Lord Western
Review.—Lectures to Farmers on Agricultural Chemistry. By Alexander Petzholdt
Agricultural Suggestions
On the Advantages of Bone Manure to the Agriculture of Cheshire. By a Lancashire Agriculturist
Loughborough Agricultural Association
Drainage in Norfolk
Llandover Agricultural Society
On Stiff Bursing
An Essay on the Agriculture of the neighbourhood of Amstelveen
This Review and Mr. Campbell's Steep. By R. Barclay Aldridge
Hornsea Agricultural Society
THE FARMER'S MAGAZINE, Vol. IX.—Engravings, p. 13s. 6d., is now ready.
OFFICE, 24, NORFOLK STREET, STRAND; and may be had of all Booksellers.

THE LEADING MEDICAL JOURNAL.
On January 4th, 1845, will be published the First Number (for the New Year) of **THE MEDICAL TIMES**, offering an eligible opportunity for New Subscribers.—To those who know the MEDICAL TIMES no word is necessary to explain the causes which, in so short a time, have placed it at the head of British Medical Periodicals, and involved in such extraordinary mutations journals at one time thought the most securely established. The conductors (a Physician, a General Practitioner, and a Barrister), when rescuing it from the management of its former proprietors and editors determined at once, and without delay, to make it such a journal as the Profession in no part of Europe, had yet seen, a journal part passu with the present advanced state of Medicine. Dismissing it forthwith from the control or influence of booksellers and publishers, they gave it a distinct office of its own (that occupied by the "Lancet" before its retirement to booksellers' care), and rested their whole success, not on the old aids of individual influence or patronage, but on an independent, upright, and fearless discharge of their duties as journalists. Personally identified with no clique or party in the Profession, and wedded to no opinions which time has made a crocheted, or experience proved a folly, they claim to look at the Profession with the eye of unprejudiced candour, and while speaking out frankly and fearlessly their judgment of what concerns the general good, never to lose sight of the great aim of the true Medical Journalist—upholding in the public eye, and on solid grounds, the honour and dignity of the Profession. In one word, the MEDICAL TIMES is a gentlemanly, but just censor of men and manners,—an honourable arbiter in medico-practical affairs,—a faithful exponent of professional improvements, and secure aid in the difficulties of Medical Practice.

For the Year 1845, the MEDICAL TIMES will contain:—
1. About TWENTY LECTURES, by the celebrated PINEL, on "The Phenomena Connected with Mental Hallucinations," &c., translated, with Notes, by Dr. Costello, Editor of the "Cyclopaedia of Surgery," &c.
2. A SERIES of LECTURES, by G. J. GUTHRIE, Esq., F.R.S. (late President of the Royal College of Surgeons of England), on "Some Extremely Interesting Points of Surgery."
3. TWENTY PRACTICAL LECTURES, by Dr. C. J. B. WILLIAMS, F.R.S., Professor of Medicine to University College, Physician to the North London Hospital, on "The Treatment of Some Important Diseases."
4. SIXTEEN LECTURES, by Dr. CORRIGAN, of Dublin, on "Some Select Points of Medical Practice."
The Proprietors also pledge themselves, that no Fact of Consequence in any of the Continental, American, or British journals, shall escape, during the year, full mention in the MEDICAL TIMES. To this end, every arrangement is now complete. A German Physician, Dr. Sutor (pupil of the first Professors at Heidelberg and Munich), gives weekly Reports of German Scientific Progress; Dr. de Beaumont (Physician to the Spanish Embassy, Paris), furnishes a complete weekly Summary of the Sayings and Doings of French Medical Men; and an English Medical Practitioner, Mr. John Foote, M.R.C.S., Hon. Secretary to the Royal Medical-Botanical Society, &c., has the exclusive duty of abridging every communication of value appearing in all the English Medical journals.

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